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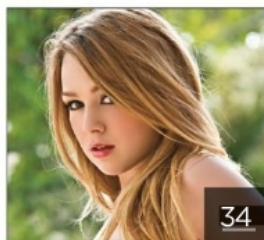
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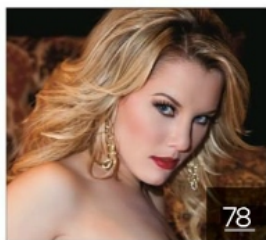
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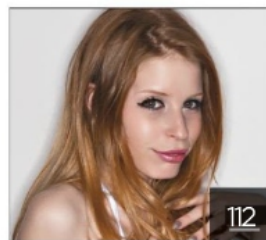
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The Naughty Professor

When I was a college student, I enjoyed taunting my male professors by uncrossing my legs seductively in class while wearing a short skirt, and showing off my nipples by going bra-less. I loved watching their erections grow while they tried to focus on their lectures. The most important things they taught me were not in the classroom, though. Now, as a teacher, I feel an obligation to carry on the tradition for a new generation. After all, getting an A is important to one's future.

I was lecturing on sex in three separate classes this week, which always makes me hornier than usual. The morning of my first lecture, I was at home getting ready for class. I stuck my index finger into my pussy, and yes, it was wet, and it had nothing to do with the shower I'd just taken. My fingers moved to my mound, then gently pinched my clit between my thumb and forefinger.

As I returned to my bed and put my favorite vibrating toy on my clit, I thought of what I would wear. I always wore skirts or dresses with thigh-high stockings, no panties, and a bra that allowed my hard nipples to be proudly displayed. I loved watching the young men get bulging erections and squirm uncomfortably in their seats.

Typically, I did not insert a toy when I was guaranteed a real fuck. I loved the exquisite tightness of my pussy upon entry of a young, hard cock. But ultimately, I decided my pussy needed the vibrator to get through till lunch. I slid it into my wet canal, moaning at its entry. I moved it in and out, quickly picking up speed and intensity until I exploded with multiple orgasms, fucking it as I would some lucky, hot stud later. I fell back onto the pillow, glanced at the clock, and saw that it was time to go to work.

At school, I surveyed my prospects. There were three young men I had already tutored, but none were fast learners. Michael, however, was an intelligent, muscular football player who also was very attractive. And he had a hard-on every day.

Michael always sat in the front row. On that particular morning, I provided

him with some additional information not included in the lecture. I was very discreet in the crossing and uncrossing of my legs on the stool behind the podium, where only Michael had a view of my bare pussy. I was becoming more amused and even wetter as I watched him try to hide his erection.

After class, he fumbled with his backpack until the classroom had nearly cleared. "Did you need something, Michael?" I asked.

Michael approached the podium, somewhat flushed. "Um, Dr. Carroll, I wondered if I could come in for some extra help during lunch break?"

I smiled and said, "Of course."

I attempted to regain my Dr. Carroll composure during my next class, but lecturing on the sexual-response cycle only made me think about the throbbing cock waiting for me in an hour. Uncharacteristically, I dismissed the class ten minutes early.

After arriving in my office, I took my hair down from its conservative bun, unbuttoned a couple of buttons, and removed the glasses I wore but didn't really need. Then I leaned back in my office chair and stroked my clit while thinking, *Shit, I really need it now!*

As if on cue, there was a tentative knock on the door.

"Yes, come in."

Michael was clearly nervous, which I found even more arousing.

"You can shut the door, these aren't my regular office hours."

He stared at me, "You look much different with your hair down, but, uh, I guess I should ask my questions."

"I'm glad to help." I smiled and slid my skirt up to expose the top of my thigh-highs. "Why don't you move over here? You can sit in my chair, get out your notes, and tell me what you don't understand."

Michael tried to disguise his erection as he stood and opened his notebook to where the day's notes should have been.

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My vibrator was nothing compared to my student's package. I gasped as he slid in and out. I really wanted his dick in my tight ass.

"There's nothing there," I observed.

"I was distracted, Dr. Carroll."

"You can call me Catherine here. Why was that?"

"I thought I saw something, and that was all I could think about."

I perched on the edge of my desk, slightly spreading my legs, showing a view of my glistening pussy.

His face quickly reddened. "That!" he said.

"Well, since I did lecture on the sexual-response cycle, maybe *That!* could help you." I slid my skirt up to my waist. "Does *That!* look like it could help you understand the material?" He silently nodded. I unbuttoned my blouse to expose my sexy lace bra. "How about these?"

"Yes, Dr. Carroll," he responded in a raspy voice.

"Yes, who?" I demanded, putting his hands on my rather ample tits.

"Yes, Catherine."

"Suck them," I told him, and began my lecture. "The sexual-response model was developed by Masters and Johnson. The first stage is that of arousal. With each stage there can be unique problems." I moaned as he sucked my left breast. "Harder," I commanded, and he increased his intensity. "Much better," I praised. Michael learned quicker than his predecessor.

"During the arousal stage, the male becomes erect and the female has increased lubrication." Michael nodded as he alternated sucking each breast. "Bite them gently." By then I had to pause, as I was almost ready to climax. Catching my breath, I said, "Let's move on."

I guided his hand toward my very wet pussy. I inserted one of his fingers into the slippery canal, then a second. "That is what female arousal feels like." He nodded and finger-fucked me. Reluctantly, I removed his fingers, pushing them toward his mouth so he could suck off my juices.

"Now," I said, "we need to examine what a male looks like during the arousal stage." I unzipped his jeans and the head of Michael's erect cock, already wet with pre-come, protruded from the hole in his cotton briefs.

"I don't believe that I am seeing the full example of the arousal stage," I observed.

Michael stood to lower his jeans. I

gasped at the size of his hard cock.

"That is an excellent example, and it would seem that erectile dysfunction is not an issue for you," I said, taking it in my hand.

"Stage two is the plateau stage. It may involve foreplay." I bent down to suck just the head of his cock and gently lap up the flow of pre-come. Michael immediately attempted to thrust his entire length into my mouth. I responded by licking his long shaft and balls, then continued my lecture.

"The plateau stage comes right before the orgasmic phase. In general, women are more likely to have an orgasm during foreplay and prior to actual penetration.

"Do you know how this happens for a woman?" I asked. Michael clearly just wanted to stick his throbbing cock inside my wet pussy and fuck.

"You can finger-bang her," he responded, and stuck his fingers inside my pussy. The muscles involuntarily clamped down on his thick fingers as he moved them in and out.

"That's definitely pleasurable, but you've already done that," I said.

"Have you ever sucked a woman's clit or licked her pussy?"

"No," he responded.

"Well, we will work on foreplay some more at another time." Mentally, I was already arranging a tutoring session for that evening.

"Let's move on to the orgasmic phase," I said, as I slid my ass to the edge of the desk and guided his huge, thick cock inside my pussy.

"Fuck!" I uttered, thinking back to the vibrator that morning. It was nothing compared to Michael's package. I gasped as he slid in and out. I really wanted him to slide it into my tight ass, but that was another lesson I wanted to save till later.

"Do you like my pussy, Michael?" I glanced at his sweaty face.

"I love it, Dr. Carroll."

"You can't fuck me if you call me that again." I moved my legs up and wrapped them around his neck, enjoying even deeper penetration.

"Okay," he practically shouted.

"You have to be quiet here. Later you can be as loud as you want. Now grab my ass!" I ordered.

I was gearing up for a seriously major orgasm as his strong hands

squeezed my ass. "Fuck me harder!" I whispered. Michael did, and within the next minute, I came as he erupted into my throbbing pussy.

"That, Michael, was the orgasmic phase," I said breathlessly. His cock slipped from my pussy, along with some of his come. "Any questions?" I asked, as I cleaned his entire cock with my mouth.

This intelligent young man who usually contributed to class discussions was literally rendered speechless. I pulled up his briefs and jeans, buttoning and zipping them, as he seemed incapable.

I straightened my clothing, put my hair back up, and replaced my glasses. I leaned down and scribbled something on a notepad. I handed the piece of paper to a still rather dazed Michael. "This is my address. I think perhaps we need to work on the foreplay aspect of the sexual-response cycle. Are you free tonight?"

He nodded, and I continued, "Another student, Bobby, also needs tutoring in that particular area. Are you okay with that?" Again, he nodded.

I kissed him, first gently on the lips, then probing deeply with my tongue. "You can plan on our evening session lasting two to three hours."

As he left and shut the door, I smiled. Tonight was going to be a wonderful evening. Then I called Bobby. They would definitely both get A's.—Name and address withheld

More letters on page 122



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SPEED DEMONS

Ron Howard's new thriller, *Rush*, starring Daniel Brühl and Chris Hemsworth, tackles one of the greatest and most dangerous rivalries in Formula 1 history.





REVIEW



Blue Caprice

Isaiah Washington, Tequan Richmond

In the autumn of 2002, a series of sniper attacks terrorized the Washington, D.C., area, killing ten people and critically wounding three during an increasingly tense three-week period. Rising indie director Alexandre Moors brings this real-life crime story to the screen in riveting fashion, eliciting strong performances from a committed cast—especially Washington and Richmond as the criminal pair. The film focuses not on the victims and the widespread terror the attacks provoked in D.C., but on the killers—a grown man and his 17-year-old accomplice—and what drove them. Moors takes an unflinching look inside the mind of a murderer and his influence on his mentally unstable, wayward acolyte. It's a hard sit, but worth it.

Rush**Chris Hemsworth, Daniel Brühl**

A high point of sleek technical know-how and daredevil insanity, the 1976 Formula 1 season boasted a feverish appeal—it was probably the apex of the sport, and it's still whispered about. That year's competition also gave racing fans a rivalry for the ages, between Britain's James Hunt and Austrian man-machine Niki Lauda; it's surprising that this duo's need for speed—and spiky friendship—has waited so long for a movie to enshrine it. No matter: The right team has finally come along, led by underrated action director Ron Howard (*Apollo 13*) and cast expertly, with *Thor*'s Hemsworth playing the English pretty boy and *Inglourious Basterds*' Brühl ready to break out as the fearsome Lauda. It's not exactly ruining anything to mention that the drama goes off the tracks; *Rush* is a story about getting back behind the wheel after catastrophe. At once hazy and glorious, this one could take the late-summer checkered flag.

**Runner Runner****Justin Timberlake, Ben Affleck**

When a know-it-all Princeton student (Timberlake) gambles away his tuition money playing online poker and suspects he's been had, he heads south to an offshore island to confront the site's mastermind, played by Affleck. You don't expect a beautiful friendship to arise, but that's the initial setup of this clever-sounding scam flick, with a screenplay from the writing team behind the mighty *Rounders* (still the best film about going all-in). Things get complicated after Timberlake joins Affleck's high-rolling team, which has attracted the interest of the FBI. Adding immeasurably to the appeal is the presence of curvy Gemma Arterton, a former Bond girl who enjoys getting dirty.

**Prisoners****Hugh Jackman, Jake Gyllenhaal, Terrence Howard, Viola Davis, Paul Dano**

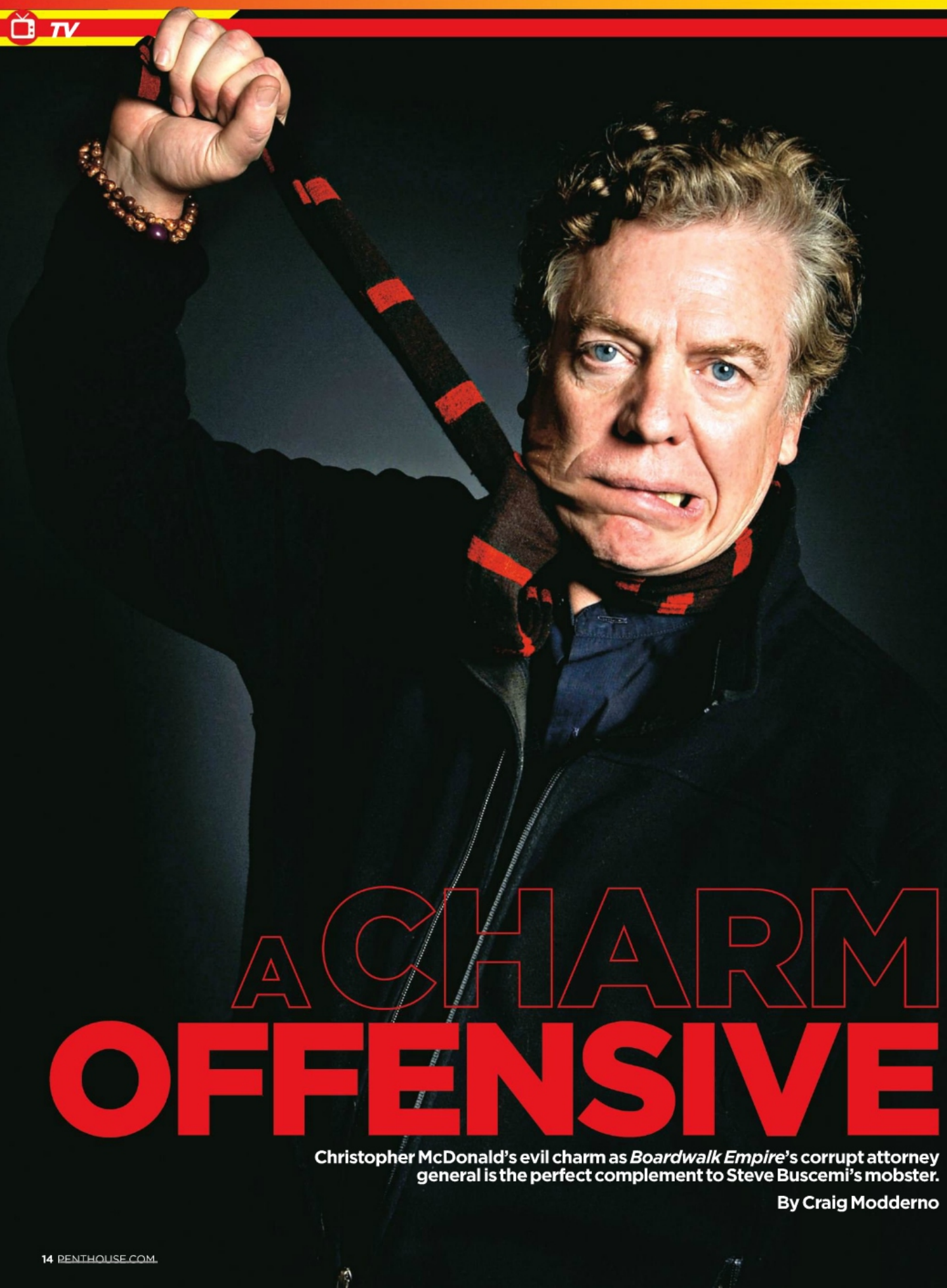
In this Oscar-bait nail-biter, Jackman plays an easygoing rural carpenter who becomes a sizzling live wire after his young daughter and her best friend are kidnapped. Getting no satisfaction from ineffectual detective Gyllenhaal, he does a little kidnapping of his own, capturing limited-IQ RV-dweller Dano—whom he suspects of being behind the kidnapping—to beat the truth out of him. Is the guy innocent, though? Canadian director Denis Villeneuve's previous film, *Incendies*, was a searing mystery nominated for the Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film. Time will tell if his attempt at more mainstream Hollywood fare is as successful.

**Don Jon****Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Scarlett Johansson, Tony Danza**

Gordon-Levitt adopts a Jersey-shore accent (and a Situation-like body) for this sweet-looking romantic comedy, which he wrote and directed. Our hero is a guy who loves his body, his apartment, his muscle car, his family, his church, his friends—and his internet porn. In roughly that order. Content to play the field, he seems highly unlikely to fall for anyone, until Johansson—looking especially white-hot, even for her—comes into view. Fall he does, even going so far as to pretend to like the cheesy romantic comedies she does. The trouble starts when she discovers what *his* favorite movies are. With Danza as the dad who favors wifebeaters at the dinner table, this one seems to be aiming for a mixture of *Silver Linings Playbook* edginess and *Moonstruck* heart. 〰



TV



A CHARM OFFENSIVE

Christopher McDonald's evil charm as *Boardwalk Empire*'s corrupt attorney general is the perfect complement to Steve Buscemi's mobster.

By Craig Modderno

As corrupt U.S. Attorney General Harry Daugherty on HBO's *Boardwalk Empire*—now in its fourth season, with the first three seasons available on DVD—Christopher McDonald brings a rakish strength to his battles with Steve Buscemi's gangster, Enoch "Nucky" Thompson.



What's going on with your character this season?

I really don't know. That stuff is kept under tight security. I'd like to see the Teapot Dome issue that took President Warren Harding out of office discussed in regards to Nucky Thompson getting his revenge. Part of what makes *Boardwalk Empire* successful is that the writers come up with things that really happened and combine them with a realistic storyline that didn't. I'm totally open to anything they give me to do. I know my character will have a lot of favors asked, and I may have one parting shot at Nucky, because I have to keep him up against the ropes.

Are you and Buscemi competitive off camera?

No, but I've been in series or films where that's happened. Actors are a very strange breed indeed. If you ask some actors what they think of the weather, they'll often respond with something personal that happened to them during their childhood. It might be a 20-minute answer, and half of that you feel they once told their shrink. I know some friends who worked with the great Daniel Day-Lewis on *Lincoln*. They thought he was a terrific person, but he would only have conversations in character. That can get weird when you just want to ask a few quick questions about baseball between takes.

On the other hand, Steve Buscemi is one of those regular guys. We're from the same areas of Long Island and New York and Brooklyn, so we can carry it very close and keep it fun and keep it real when the time comes.

What's the appeal of the show?

That it's based on the truth. It's a part of American history, which is just fascinating. The Roaring Twenties were a revelation. You had the Bible-holding people preaching against the demon alcohol. But if you or the government tell people they can't do something, then they'll bust their asses harder to do it. Then the greed issue comes in, followed by the thirst for power and money and protection. It's a very beautiful, poetic way of watching what was going on in that world.

Was it more important to get alcohol or sex during this wild period?

Back then, there was free sex everywhere. Those flapper girls were famous for that. But there was a balance between the pursuit of booze and the ability not to get killed by your fellow gangsters during that quest. Because we're on pay cable, *Boardwalk Empire* can show the violence and the sex acts of that era, and we do—in explicit detail. But it's also one of the best-acted and -written shows around. Aspiring actors should study Michael Shannon's performance alone. He's so weird and over-the-top and dangerous that I pray Nucky doesn't ever send him after me.

Do you think you'll be surprised if you get a script with your character being killed?

I know I will be [*laughs*]. But here's a spoiler: This is a show where it seems nobody dies of natural causes.

How important is sex appeal to an actor?

It's really important, but it varies due to people's perception of it. Danger is always important in regards to an actor's sex appeal. I always try to make my characters as sexy as possible because it's just fun to do it that way. Let's face it, in the right role, being sexy sells tickets. I wonder if any woman went to see *World War Z* just because it had zombies in it. Years ago, I worked with Brad Pitt in the Ridley Scott-directed *Thelma & Louise*. Brad played a con artist whose


clothes on camera seemed tighter than those worn by Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis. Though this was one of his first major roles, Brad knew even back then what he was selling. And Ridley, one of the smartest filmmakers ever, exploited Brad's appeal because he knew women secretly are attracted to bad boys.

What did you learn about stardom from acting opposite Tom Hanks on Broadway in Nora Ephron's play *Lucky Guy*?

He's got the energy of a few men in him, and yet he knows how to pace himself. All my scenes were with him, and he changed things every night to keep it fresh. It was like playing tennis on ice. He loves being the funny and interesting guy we all love on David Letterman's show. Like Pitt, Hanks knows what he's selling. More celebrities visited Tom backstage than have seen some of my films!

What are some mistakes new actors make in their careers?

Thinking that early success in your career is your ticket to eternal stardom. Jack Lemmon, who I was fortunate enough to work with in *Grumpy Old Men*, was fond of saying that actors have to have someplace where they can go to fail. What he meant by that is, nobody—particularly a young actor—is immune from doing projects that don't work, so never give up taking risks creatively or doing risky projects. Robert Redford, who directed me in *Quiz Show*, would always be nice to his fans when we were filming. I mean, if people wanted autographs or photos, he'd ask them to wait until he had finished directing the scene. He knew they wanted Redford the movie star, not Redford the director, but he realized one fed the other. Redford was one of the most generous people I've seen giving attention to his fan base.

The main thing I'd tell a young actor is, avoid a romance with a young actress, no matter how tempting. I was living with Geena Davis before and while we made *Thelma & Louise*. Doing a scene where we were playing a bickering couple was a little weird for both of us. But acting is a business where you will end up breaking every rule you set up for yourself. 



DVDs

REVIEWS

BY KARA WAHLGREN

Expect the Unexpected

This month's releases put a new spin on some of Hollywood's most popular genres.

WORLD WAR Z

Brad Pitt's apocalyptic blockbuster wasn't the typical zombie movie. Low-budget campiness was replaced with a \$190 million price tag. Blood and gore were toned down to PG-13 levels. And the script strayed so far from Max Brooks's best-seller of the same name that it was barely recognizable as an adaptation. Needless to say, not all zombie-movie purists were pleased. But really, who cares? The story—a former UN investigator travels the world to find the source of a virus that's turning the entire world's population into bite-crazy monsters—is a smart, global spin on the zombie genre, and the attack scenes are nail-bitingly fun. The Blu-ray release will include behind-the-scenes featurettes on the production, the stunts and action sequences, and the zombie attacks.



Cleavage Alert

SPARTACUS: WAR OF THE DAMNED

In the final season of this gladiator series, Spartacus continues his quest for vengeance against the Roman Republic—and now, 30,000 freed slaves have his back, including some smoking-hot female fighters. Anyone with a history book knows the ending isn't sunshine and rainbows, but there's enough gratuitous violence and gritty sex to make up for the agony of defeat. As [IGN.com](#) put it, "You'd think fucking was an Olympic sport and that everyone was trying out for the team."



IRON MAN 3

"Third installment" is far from a reassuring term when it comes to movies, and we weren't the only ones with doubts about this flick when Jon Favreau gave up his seat in the director's chair and was replaced by Shane Black, who hadn't helmed a movie in eight years. But, red flags be damned, this movie didn't let us down. After his beloved Pepper Potts is kidnapped and injected with an experimental—*really* experimental—drug, Tony Stark (Robert Downey Jr., *duh*) has to save her, take down the drug's psycho creator, and even save the President along the way. It's as much snarky fun as the first two films, and the Blu-ray/DVD combo pack is loaded with extras, including a breakdown of the *Air Force One* attack, a sneak peek at the upcoming *Thor* sequel, and a gag reel.



STAR TREK INTO DARKNESS

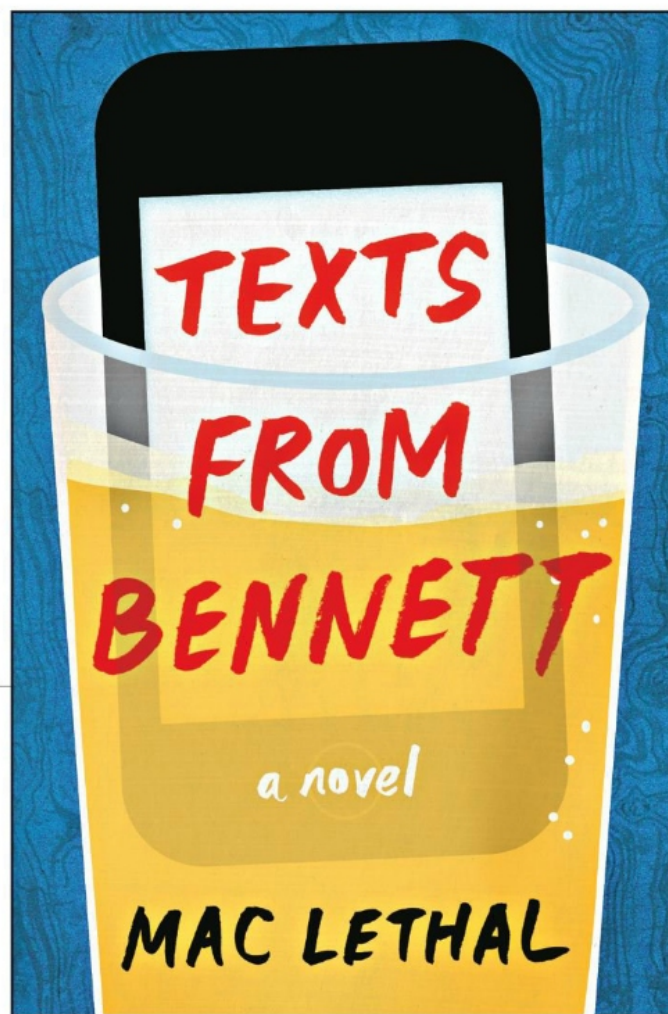
Director J. J. Abrams wasn't kidding when he said creating an alternate timeline in 2009's *Star Trek* meant that he and screenwriters Roberto Orci, Alex Kurtzman, and Damon Lindelof could revisit any *Trek* tales from the past in a whole new way. We're not sure why [spoiler alert] Khan has an upper-crust British accent here, but Benedict Cumberbatch's villainous turn was tremendous fun to watch—as was the film as a whole. In fact, our biggest complaint was that there wasn't enough of Simon Pegg's Scotty. Note: If you're going to buy it, get the Blu-ray. Bonuses include a half-dozen featurettes on various aspects of production, and a look at the partnership the crew formed with the Mission Continues, a nonprofit group that works with post-9/11 military veterans. —Barbara Rice Thompson



REDEMPTION

In this indie thriller, Jason Statham plays a British soldier who returns from Afghanistan a homeless alcoholic battling a wicked case of PTSD. But after a weird twist of fate (and a *Maid in Manhattan*-style identity theft), his character is sucked into the seedy underbelly of London, first as a thug, then as a vigilante. No surprises there—after all, the actor was born to kick ass—but this movie goes deeper than the average Statham flick. (Case in point: He cries!) Still, at its core it's an action flick, and the Blu-ray's making-of featurette should provide a fun look at the fast-paced fight sequences.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (WORLD WAR Z) PARAMOUNT; (SPARTACUS) ANCHOR BAY ENTERTAINMENT; (IRON MAN 3) DISNEY; (STAR TREK INTO DARKNESS) PARAMOUNT; (REDEMPTION) DANIEL SMITH



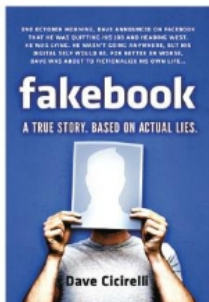
CHARACTER LIMIT

A new novel falls short of the side-splitting Tumblr feed that inspired it.

Texts From Bennett
By Mac Lethal

You know those *Saturday Night Live* sketches that get adapted into feature films, and the process stretches the original premise well beyond its breaking point? That's pretty much what happens in *Texts From Bennett*, the debut novel from Kansas City rapper Mac Lethal. Based on his frequently hilarious Tumblr feed of the same name—which he claims consists of “100% real” texts from his 17-year-old wannabe gangster cousin, Bennett—the novel depicts the summer Lethal took Bennett, Bennett’s mom Lillian, and her conspiracy-obsessed boyfriend, Tim, into his home. There are moments of scruffy charm, and the book includes several of the original site’s comical text exchanges, but its strengths are undercut by flabby writing, clunky staging, and a jarring shift in the character of Bennett during the final third of the story.

Catfishing the World: Man Pushes Facebook Hoax Way Past the Point of Plausibility, “Friends” Still Believe



In *Fakebook: A True Story. Based on Actual Lies*, first-time author Dave Cicirelli delivers an entertaining account of what happened when he transformed his Facebook page into a work of fiction, telling no one but his coworkers and a small inner circle of friends and family. He made an announcement on his feed that he was quitting his job and “walking across America. Maybe the world,” and would be posting updates to his Facebook page. What started as a whimsical prank opened up a world of unintended consequences, not least of which was the constant demand of “creating fiction in real time” by generating fake posts and backing

them up via Photoshopped images of the increasingly outlandish places and people he was purporting to visit. He also had to consider the dozens of well-wishers who took him at his word—including some who were inspired to drop everything and embark on quests of their own. The result is a uniquely funny and unexpectedly illuminating virtual odyssey.

Depraved Excerpt of the Month

From Bait
By J. Kent Messum



Messum’s debut novel is a shark-infested spin on the classic short story *The Most Dangerous Game*: Six junkies from Miami are kidnapped and deposited on a deserted island in the Florida Keys. They find a note informing them that a supply of ultrapure heroin—and further instructions—await them on an adjacent island. As the hours tick by and withdrawal closes in, their need forces them to attempt the crossing, with sharks lurking in the water and their captors—former Special Forces operatives—coolly observing from a nearby yacht and gambling on the outcome. In this excerpt, the sadistic kidnappers discover the remains of an unlucky junkie after the first crossing:

“... Buchanan took a net and fished some of the young man’s remains out of the water near the yacht’s stern. He dumped them into a bucket and examined them: a partial upper thigh, a shoulder and armpit, and a section of torn flesh with a patch of hair. Turk strolled by and stopped to have a look.

“‘What’s that?’ he asked, pointing to the unidentifiable remain.

“‘Nape of his neck, I think,’ Buchanan replied. ‘See the darker hair?’

“‘Yeah, I see it. Jeez, greedy bastards, ain’t they?’

“‘Those white-tips are worse than jackals. I’m surprised they left this much.’

“Turk chuckled. ‘I’ll bet that tiger [shark] probably had a whole half of the kid to itself.’

“Buchanan dumped the bucket’s contents into another bucket and fastened a lid on it. Turk headed back to the bow of the boat. Buchanan followed. They stopped before Greer, who sat in his deck chair, smoking and drinking in turn.

“‘What was left?’ he asked.

“‘Hardly anything,’ Buchanan replied. ‘Looks like an armpit got spat out again, though.’

“‘What is it with all the uneaten armpits?’

“Turk laughed. ‘Sharks must not like the smell.’

“‘I’m not surprised,’ said Buchanan. ‘This is probably the first bath these junkies have had in weeks.’”



Sebadoh
Defend Yourself
Joyful Noise
★★★★

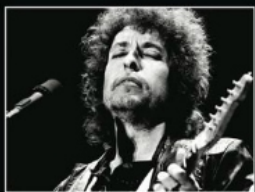
Lou Barlow is in déjà vu mode. In 2005, after a 16-year hiatus, he took up arms (okay, his bass) again with the original lineup of 1980s indie superstars Dinosaur Jr., and now, after a 13-year break, he's releasing new material with Sebadoh, the band he started after getting kicked out of Dinosaur Jr. in 1989. But the difference between these reunions and, say, the comebacks of classic-rock-era bands is that these guys aren't flaccid retirees rehashing old material. They're still hungry, looking to push their sound forward with new music. Dinosaur Jr. has put out three excellent albums since their reunion, and Sebadoh's second-act debut, *Defend Yourself*, is a crackling collection of well-made indie rock. Standout tracks include "Beat," with its trebly riff, growling bass line, and a great cello coda; "Once," an appealing instrumental with a plucked guitar hook; and the melodic "State of Mine," which includes the very Sebadoh-ish line "Failure is a state of mine." Maybe, but this reunion is a solid success.

GETTING THE BANDS BACK TOGETHER

With the Dinosaur Jr. reunion well under way, Lou Barlow reunites his other band, Sebadoh, for a winning collection of new tunes.

LET'S BREAK THAT DOWN

Even respectable artists turn out clunky lyrics every once in a while.



Artist, song: Bob Dylan, "Tangled Up in Blue"

Line: "Early one morning the sun was shining/ I was laying in bed/ Wondering if she'd changed at all/ If her hair was still red"

Follow-up question: Were you concerned that she'd dyed her hair or gone gray? But, wait, you meet her again later, and she's "working in a topless place." She hadn't gone gray. So you were wondering if she dyed her hair? Seems kind of shallow, Bob. Admit it, you were just trying to rhyme with "bed."



Artist, song: Thin Lizzy, "Jailbreak"

Line: "Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak/ Somewhere in this town"

Follow-up question: Wouldn't it be at the jail?



Artist, song: Paul McCartney, "Live and Let Die"

Line: "But in this ever-changing world in which we live in"

Follow-up question: Couldn't you have said, "... this ever-changing world in which we're living"? Same number of syllables and the grammar would have been much more on point.



Artist, song: Elton John, "Your Song"

Line: "If I was a sculptor, but then again, no"

Follow-up question: Just left that in the song, did you? Was it a deadline thing?



Artist, song: Bruce Springsteen, "Glory Days"

Line: "He could throw that speed ball by you/ make you look like a fool"

Follow-up question: Ah, yes, the old speed ball. How's your fantasy team this year?



O'Brother
Disillusion
Triple Crown Records
★★½

"Oblivion," a nearly ten-minute-long track in the middle of *Disillusion*, the second album from Atlanta alt-metal quintet O'Brother, opens with pounding drums and a hurtling riff, then charges through several heavy passages before dropping gently into a measured interlude featuring spare guitar chords and singer Tanner Merritt's whispery, falsetto vocals. Listeners might anticipate another shift in dynamics, and there is one, but it's not a sudden roar—it's a gradual, restrained build to an epic finish. O'Brother songs don't do what you expect them to: The band admirably skirts cliché, adding touches—like the pulsing synth on "Perilous Love" or the clattering, industrial close of "Absence"—that separate them from the hard-rock pack. On the other hand, their sound sometimes drones, and they should lose the Philosophy 101 lyrics.



Okkervil River
The Silver Gymnasium
ATO Records
★★★½

Okkervil River's breakthrough record, 2005's *Black Sheep Boy*, used the Tim Hardin song of the same name as a jumping-off point for a stirring collection of tunes about addiction and restlessness. After that, the band, headed up by the talented songwriter Will Sheff, produced a pair of critically acclaimed, emotionally affecting concept albums about the rock 'n' roll life before issuing 2011's darker, more inscrutable *I Am Very Far*. Now, Sheff takes an autobiographical turn, setting the songs of Okkervil's loose and lively seventh studio release in Meriden, New Hampshire, where he grew up. Sheff's uncanny knack for evoking emotion with a few well-turned phrases is on display again in tracks like "Down Down the Deep River" and "Lido Pier Suicide Car," unspooling details that, whether they are concrete or ethereal, hit hard enough to make tears well up.



Jacuzzi Boys
Hardly Art
★★½

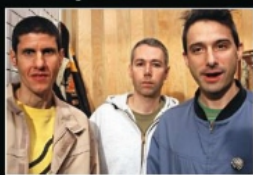
If the unofficial video for their 2011 single "Glazin'" is any indication, Jacuzzi Boys have inspired extreme adulation in some quarters. (Go ahead and Google it to see how extreme. They've literally made vaginas sing.) And you can see why: Their hazy melodies and sun-dazed vocals join their low-fi riffs to create an inviting, groovy-California garage-rock sound, even if the band is from Miami. If the flavor doesn't always last, and the melodies don't always come in vivid Technicolor, it's worth wading through the occasional plodder ("Over the Zoom") or meandering track ("Heavy Horse") to get to songs such as "Double Vision," a garage-pop gem that's catchier than flypaper. The snarling, swirling "Rubble" and the bright hooks of "Hotline" also stand out. They haven't quite put it all together yet, but Jacuzzi Boys are getting close.

ALL THE YOUNG DUDES

Five famous acts with "boys" in their name



Band: The Beach Boys
Years active: 1961—
Career peak: *Pet Sounds*, 1966.
Naming rites: Originally calling themselves the Pendletones, the group was shocked to see their name changed to the Beach Boys on the printing of their first single, "Surfin,'" in 1961. A record-label PR person changed the name to tie in with the surf-band craze of the time.



Band: Beastie Boys
Years active: 1981–? (Adam "MCA" Yauch died in May 2012; the remaining two members haven't decided if they'll continue.)
Career peak: *Check Your Head*, 1992.
Naming rites: Mike D once said the "Beastie" part of their name stands for "Boys Entering Anarchistic States Toward Internal Excellence," but that was most likely an afterthought once the band—originally a hardcore act—had already been named.



Band: Geto Boys
Years active: 1986—
Career peak: *Grip It! On That Other Level*, 1989. (Runner-up: When their song "Still" served as the soundtrack to the classic printer-beatdown scene in *Office Space*.)
Naming rites: The trio switched from the proper spelling of the word "ghetto" to the more streamlined version for their self-titled third record.



Band: The BusBoys
Years active: 1978—
Career peak: Their appearance in the 1982 Eddie Murphy film *48 Hrs.*, playing their most popular song, "The Boys Are Back in Town."
Naming rites: Since 2005, the band has been known as Brian O'Neal and the BusBoys.



Band: The Dead Boys
Years active: 1976–79, 1987, 2004–05
Career peak: "Sonic Reducer," 1977.
Naming rites: The band rose out of the ashes of Cleveland proto-punk band Rocket From the Tombs; their name comes from a lyric in a RFTT song called "Down in Flames." ☺

Other notables: Pet Shop Boys, Boyz II Men, Backstreet Boys, the Soft Boys, the Fat Boys, the Boys (both the American R&B act and the U.K. punk-pop band)



Batman: Arkham Origins



WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE (XBOX 360, PS3, WII U, PC)

Although this prequel is set several years before 2009's beautifully brutal *Batman: Arkham Asylum*, it's hardly an origin story. Billionaire Caped Crusader Bruce Wayne is no neophyte Dark Knight, whiffing punches and mistiming leaps like Christian Bale at the outset of *Batman Begins*. If anything, Batman's even brainier this time around. He must use his detective skills to investigate an attempt on his life while solving myriad crimes committed by a who's who of Gotham villainy, including the Joker, the Penguin, Bane, and assassins-for-hire Deathstroke and Deadshot. Retreat to the Batcave and boot up the Batcomputer to re-create crime scenes as holographic "videos," rewinding and fast-forwarding the events to search for clues. Gather

enough evidence and you'll solve the crime, turning the game into a sort of *CSI: Gotham City*.

That's not to say Batman doesn't use his fists as well as his wits. As in the past two *Arkham* games, this prequel is, at its heart, a brawler. Batman brutalizes entire gangs of street thugs using kicks, punches, countermoves, counters for the bad guys' counters, and gadgets—including a new grapple claw that tethers two crooks together or bungees them to explosive barrels. You also can deploy the grapple between two points to create a tightrope, making it easier to travel via rooftops. Gotham City here is the largest incarnation yet and wide-open to exploration. It sprawls so wide, in fact, that Batman can summon the Batwing for a jet-powered commute across town. And, just like in the last game, you can stick to the main story or get bogged down in side missions—even helping Gotham's finest answer random 911 calls.

**NHL 14****EA SPORTS (XBOX 360, PS3)**

The old joke about going to a boxing match and watching a hockey game break out takes on new life in EA's latest installment of its hockey series. On-ice combat gets more attention—so much so that the developers have adapted the fighting system from their *Fight Night* boxing franchise to add more offensive punches and penalty-box politics (pick a fight with a player and his buddies seek retribution by the third period). Collision physics adapted from the FIFA games allow for both bone-rattling hits and more opportunities to avoid them if you're nimble on the left stick. Toss in a new one-button "fake out" deke system, and *NHL 14* becomes slightly more of a crowd-pleasing arcade game and less the hard-core simulation of past entries.

**THE BUREAU: XCOM DECLASSIFIED**
2K GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

This first-person-shooter prequel to 2012's acclaimed strategy game *XCOM: Enemy Unknown* goes back to mankind's earliest close encounters back in 1962 with an invading alien menace. Players control special agent William Carter, who's under orders from President Kennedy to investigate UFO sightings, deal with little green men, and cover up each incident from the general public. Although it's more action-oriented than *Enemy Unknown*, it's still no game for the lame of brain, requiring you to issue orders to your squad of agents and fight tactically while keeping a low profile. The game's Cold War setting adds a backdrop of Communist paranoia and racial tension, not to mention dapper duds for you and your fellow agents.

**PAYDAY 2****505 GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

Just like its excellent but underappreciated predecessor, *Payday 2* is a terrific game for anyone tired of playing the good guy. A first-person heist simulator, it lets you and three friends form a crew of crooks and cooperate in multimission crime sprees. You'll start small, knocking over convenience stores, before graduating to kidnapping, cybercrime, and eventually bank heists and other big-time crimes. Invest your loot in better weapons, new masks, and skills in one of several underworld professions, from the computer-savvy "technician" to the crew-leading "mastermind." Experiment with stealth to steal the goods, or go in guns blazing until you figure out the best way to make your crimes pay.

Playing for Creeps

Scare yourself silly on All Hallows' Eve with these hellish games.

**STATE OF DECAY****MICROSOFT (XBOX 360, PC)**

Grand Theft Auto meets *The Walking Dead* in this wide-open zombie adventure. Build a base and embark on raiding missions while managing limited resources to repel the recently deceased.

**THE WALKING DEAD: 400 DAYS****TELLTALE GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC, MAC)**

This latest episode in the downloadable *Walking Dead* series features five new characters who are struggling to survive the first 400 days of the zombie apocalypse, and proves that adventure games can be as intense as shooters.

**METRO: LAST LIGHT****DEEP SILVER (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

Wield homemade weapons and creep through subway tunnels crawling with nightmarish mutants in this atmospheric shooter set beneath postapocalyptic Moscow.



AFTER-SCHOOL SPECIAL

Lindsay Burdge delivers a riveting performance as a high school English instructor caught in a steamy affair with one of her students in Hannah Fidell's *A Teacher*.

After several years of working steadily on what might be described as the micro-indie film circuit, California native Lindsay Burdge is about to jump up a few levels. Maybe not to mainstream, blockbuster status (though we wouldn't rule that out), but certainly to the level of I-can-probably-quit-the-waitressing-gig-now, for lack of a better phrase. That's thanks to her breakout performance in *A Teacher*, director Hannah Fidell's debut feature, in which the 28-year-old Burdge plays a high school English teacher embroiled in a lusty affair with one of her male students, a senior. Burdge's intense, tightly controlled performance turned heads at the 2013 Sundance Film Festival, where *A Teacher*—a spare and vivid snapshot of the illicit affair—won the Chicken & Egg Award, and was picked up by Oscilloscope Laboratories. It hits theaters in New York and Los Angeles on September 6.

We spoke with Burdge recently about how to avoid sensationalizing this tabloid-ready material, doing sex scenes with an inexperienced actor, and what's next for her as her career ramps upward.

I get the feeling that in real-life cases in which a high school teacher sleeps with a student, most of the power in the relationship lies with the teacher. This film flipped that dynamic upside down. Can you talk about what led to that choice?

Well, I think it's a little more complex, because it's a female teacher and a male—ugh, I don't want to put my foot in my mouth here, but ... [laughs]

It's tricky territory, isn't it?

Yes. I mean, traditionally, the male is dominant in a relationship and the female is submissive, but traditionally, also, a teacher is the authority figure and the student is subordinate. So

it's kind of ... both of those things are happening at once.

Right.

And there are moments when Diana [the teacher] does try to take control of the situation, even though she doesn't really have control of herself. And actually, based on what we read [in our research], it's not true that a female teacher will take control in these situations. Oftentimes the teacher may leave sort of a window of opportunity, but it's so ingrained in them that they can't cross that line that they won't do it, but if [the student] crosses the line, then ...

They'll go along.

Yeah, and part of why we did that is just because we thought it was more interesting. We were really interested

in the gray area. Not just showing a woman who's like the "bad guy" and a kid who's the victim, but trying to create a situation that was much more complex.

How about the decision not to show how they got together? The film joins their relationship after it's already started.

There were a few reasons for that. I think that showing that is (a) something we've seen before, and (b) really what makes it kind of salacious, and that's not what we were interested in. We really just wanted to see their relationship, and perhaps its demise. But we did do a bit of research so that we could understand how these relationships tend to start, and we established among the three of us [Burdge, director Fidell, and costar Will Brittain] what had happened between them, but I think Hannah just didn't want to show it. Which I think is cool.

There's that old fiction-writing advice that you should arrive late and leave early from your scenes, and this movie does that with their entire relationship.

Yeah, totally. And I think some people are like, "Oh, did you guys cut that, or that?" And I'm like, "Nope." But I think it was a very strong choice, personally, because you just get this little glimpse, a smaller moment than trying to capture the entire relationship.

This was the first time you've been the primary lead in a film—you're in almost every frame of this movie.

What were some of the challenges of shouldering so much of *A Teacher* by yourself?

Well, even though it is a lot of responsibility to know that you kind of carry the whole movie along, we had a really small, close team on the whole project, and it was nice to know that everybody was contributing all of their energy toward making it work, just as much as I was. Everyone was really passionate and committed, and everyone worked hard. There was no one, like, sitting around texting [laughs]. Also, even though I knew



BY JOHN BOLSTER

have to let anyone else in, because she was creating this world that only she could live in.

Your costar was a drama student in his early twenties at the time you made the film. Can you talk about shooting intimate scenes with an actor who's a lot less experienced than you?

Well, it was fortunate, because Will and I got along really well. And that's always a big plus. We got a chance to spend a lot of time together, just hanging out between takes and in our off time. We got so we were pretty comfortable with each other, so it wasn't as awkward. But it was Will's first time doing those kinds of scenes, so at some point I needed to make sure that he was okay, you know?

Sure.

But I'm not sure I did such a good job of that, because I was so much in the mind-set of the character. I remember during one of the scenes that was both very intimate and kind of dramatic and emotional, he pulled me aside and said, "I just want to make sure you're okay." I was like, "Yeah, yeah, yeah—I'm fine. Sorry. Gotta go now."

I understand that you signed with high-powered agency ICM after this performance screened at Sundance. So what's next for you?

I'm making four indies in the next three months or so. I'm going to Upstate New York and doing a film called *Up the River*. Then I'm going to Virginia to do a film called *Some Beast*, and then *A Teacher* comes out in theaters September 6 in New York and L.A. After that I'm doing a horror film, which is exciting, because I've never done anything like that. It's called *Anguish*. Then I'm going to do another film called *The Invitation*, which stars Mark Duplass and some other cool people.

You mentioned that since *A Teacher*, you did another one where you were the lead and carried the movie. What was that?

That was called *The Sideways Light*. I had a colead in that—another woman. It's a mother-daughter film, very different from this. You guys probably won't be interviewing me about that one [*laughs*].

it was risky, and taking on a lot of responsibility, I was really excited, just about the opportunity—because there aren't that many times where you get to really tell a female story. So it was exciting.

You convey a strong sense that your character is really *alone*. Was that something you and the director discussed?

Yes. A big part of the character we

created came from [Fidell] having had an experience of just being alone in Austin, and she was really interested in that. And I was very conscious of the character being alone. Also, having a secret like the one she has makes her even more alone. It kind of ruins any opportunities that she might

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TOYS AND TOOLS

Express yourself—or find more time to do so—with these fun and functional gadgets.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Vanquish gaming PC

Digital Storm • \$699 to \$1,399

Being cheap is no longer an excuse to build your own gaming machine. Custom-PC manufacturer Digital Storm's built-to-order gaming rigs cost just \$20 to \$60 more than equivalent DIY rigs. That means you can cherry-pick the video card, RAM, and CPU on your system without the hassle of ordering all the components, putting them together, and hoping they'll work when you switch on the power. You won't sacrifice individualization for convenience, either. Digital Storm lets you tailor your machine right down to the case art with a custom-paint-job option. With build-turnaround times as fast as 72 hours, you'll spend less time assembling your system and more time playing PC games that would make retail rigs choke.



■ QuNeo 3-D multi-touch music pad

Keith McMillen Instruments • \$199

Bristling with more than 40 pads, sliders, spinners, and buttons lit by interactive multicolored LEDs, the QuNeo looks like a crewman's station from the William Shatner-era starship *Enterprise*. In many ways, this Kickstarter-funded contraption boldly goes where no electronic-music instrument has gone before. Each of its 16 drum pads offers unprecedented control sensitivity, detecting touch velocity, pressure, and location to trigger an unlimited variety of instruments and sound samples. Separate sliders and rotary encoders let wannabe deejays change things up and scratch virtual records. It's compatible with Mac, Windows, and Apple and Android tablets, as well as supported by every popular piece of music software. Templates and online tutorials help newbies get into the groove. Just don't expect to produce Amon Tobin-caliber jams overnight.



■ USB LED bottle lamp

Satechi • \$25

Pitching your used plastic and glass bottles into the recycle bin is no longer the only way to give them a second life. This combination shade and LED lightbulb rests in the opening of any bottle, turning old soda jugs and booze flasks into one-of-a-kind lamps. It draws its power from any laptop USB port or outlet USB adapter. It consumes a mere 1.2 watts and casts about the same amount of lumens as your average jack-o'-lantern, so it's really more for setting a mood than use as a reading or task light. On the bright side, the LED bulb is supposed to last 50,000 hours and never gets hot to the touch, so you can easily swap bottles or move it where you need it most.



■ Rydis robot vacuum

Moneual • \$300

By undercutting the entry-level Roomba by \$50, the Rydis has positioned itself as the budget option for lazy slobs who want the luxury of an automatic maid. For the most part, it gets the job done. Two spinning brushes mounted on the leading edge herd dust bunnies from corners, along walls, etc., into the powerful suction motor. A dry-mop attachment collects crud from hardwood floors, linoleum, and tiled surfaces, although you can get by without it if you have a lot of area rugs. The cleaning-schedule function isn't very flexible, so you'll probably want to run it when you're home and can offer supervision, as it tends to get stuck on wires and cables, bounce off steep thresholds, and occasionally get lost on the way back to its charging station.



■ Thirst Aid reusable hydration pack

Mustard • \$7.50

This is the perfect flask for a night of drunken Halloween revelry, especially if you're dressed as a bloodsucker. Fill the plastic bottle with half a quart of your beverage of choice and it'll stand upright. Once drained, it rolls or folds flat for storage. It's suitable for freezing but not for hot drinks, so don't fill it with your morning cup of joe. Note: You can't actually attach a needle and get your liquor intravenously.



■ TLC200 Pro time-lapse camera

Brinno • \$400

You might think you don't need a camera capable of recording time-lapse videos, and you'd be absolutely right. Nevertheless, there's something mesmerizing about seeing slices of life in fast-forward. This camera, which is powered by four AA batteries, dutifully snaps a 1.3-megapixel photo at custom-set intervals—from three shots per second to one every 24 hours—then automatically stitches them together into a 720p movie. The high-dynamic-range sensor excels at capturing images in low-light conditions, and interchangeable lenses let you experiment with different effects. Set the camera outside at sunset to record romantic moonrises or the Milky Way wheeling across the sky.



■ Minx Air 200

Cambridge Audio • \$599

As far as wireless speakers go, the Minx Air 200 is hardly petite; in fact, you'd better clear an entire shelf for the stylish 200-watt monolith. But the hefty design delivers an even heftier sound—enough to fill a large room with crisp lows and amazing mid-range tones while sending tremors through the Sheetrock with surprisingly mighty bass (apartment dwellers: Prepare for backlash from the neighbors). Support for both Bluetooth and AirPlay—plus good ol' direct connection via cable—means you can link any device or networked music source, and a slick app lets you switch among online services (Pandora, Spotify, etc.) and thousands of internet radio stations. Better still, you can map services and stations to buttons on the top of the speaker for one-touch access to your favorite tunes and genres.



Elegant Evolution

Lexus continues to define bulletproof comfort. • By Bill Heald

There are two basic philosophical approaches that are often at odds with each other when designing upscale automobiles: performance and luxury. The first approach works to allow the driver to engage with the road and focus on the driving experience, while the second is more concerned with isolating the car's occupants from the outside world, and thus creating a supremely comfort-

able and seductive experience. The big challenge is to blend these two approaches into the ultimate car—in the case of the Lexus LS 460, a vehicle that is as cozy as a featherbed while it flies down the road at a brisk pace. The LS is an important player in this segment because this was the first model launched when Toyota created its Lexus division in 1990, and it has undergone four major generational changes since it first appeared. The work the company has done to make the LS not only refined but supremely

reliable has garnered it some very impressive accolades, and it is still a benchmark luxury car in its segment. The all-new fourth-generation version builds on this sterling reputation, and shows why this is still the ultimate car to soothe your weary soul after a long day at a high-pressure job. It is also the first LS to offer a sport-oriented version (the F Sport), for those desiring a bit more action from their comfy chair.

The LS has always been built on a rear-drive chassis, although the

company introduced the option of all-wheel drive (AWD) in 2006, and our test machine was equipped with this useful addition. The first LS was the 400, in homage to its four-liter V-8 engine, and the mill is now up to 4.6 liters (hence LS 460) and delivers an ultrasmooth 360 horsepower in the AWD application (the RWD version delivers 386 ponies). The transmission is an eight-speed automatic that, like everything in the drivetrain, is as smooth as a supermodel's backside. When the original LS was developed, it was one of the most extensively tested cars in history, and this twenty-first-century flying carpet has been steadily improved and tweaked to keep up with the latest in technology, efficiency, and noise abatement. The



result is a fortress of solitude much like a library (remember those?), and the optional Mark Levinson sound system can use its 19 speakers to fill this hushed void with any type of entertainment you desire. While performance sedans offer stimulation by way of their mechanical muscle, the LS shows just how much you can stifle exterior commotion and create a controlled cabin that's as secure as a mink-lined bomb shelter.

The big car handles well, too, and for those looking for more back-road prowess, the new F-Sport model includes sport seats, a sport-tuned air suspension, Brembo six-piston brakes, 19-inch wheels, and assorted trim enhancements. But even without this package, the sedan benefits from new frequency-dependent shock absorbers, better brake and steering response, and increased overall body stiffness (which improves both handling and ride quality). Even jaded car reviewers climb out of the LS 460 realizing there is more to upscale autos than just the ability

to dispatch miles quickly. Flawless operation, with logical controls and displays that elegantly incorporate the latest infotainment tech into the overall experience, makes for a great road trip. Add rear seats that are more comfortable than those in a lot of limos out there, and you've got a genuine first-class experience.

The LS now has four versions, including the standard, long wheel-base, hybrid (with peerless fuel

efficiency for such a big sedan), and the F-Sport. All feature coachwork that includes beautiful inlaid wood trim and—in the case of our tester—semi-aniline leather upholstery that doesn't just coddle; it embraces. This environment insulates you from outside chaos, while making your conveyance a memorable affair. It's the kind of car that encourages coast-to-coast travel with somebody who's worth the trip. **A—**

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	4.6-liter V-8
Power	AWD: 360 horsepower; RWD: 386 horsepower
Torque	AWD: 347 foot-pounds; RWD: 367 foot-pounds
Transmission	Eight-speed sequential-shift automatic
Front tires	245/45 R19
Rear tires	245/45 R19
Curb weight	AWD: 4,651 pounds; RWD: 4,233 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	5.4 seconds
Top speed	130 mph (electronically governed)
Fuel	22.2-gallon capacity
EPA mpg	16 city/23 highway
Price as tested	\$82,010



Nothing to Hide



Star's Bolt reminds us why simplicity is timeless.

By Bill Heald

Whenver you think about cruiser-style motorcycle design, you inevitably get caught up in the debate of whether to focus on the iconic designs of the past or the technology and styling of the twenty-first century. But engineers have realized that it's actually possible to use the latest mechanical and electronic breakthroughs to enhance the stylish platform the cruiser has established in the past 100 years or so, and thus make the genre more functional and attractive than ever. With a machine like the Star Bolt, they've also created a cruiser that will appeal to a broad range of riders, as it's simple and engaging enough to attract novices while offering the perfect platform for customization for more experienced bike tuners.

Star Motorcycles is Yamaha's cruiser division, and over the years the company has been masterful at taking the traditional air-cooled V-twin engine design and refining it to produce soulful, responsive, enjoyable power plants. The Bolt is armed with a 60-degree, 942-cc V-twin that uses some of the latest internal tricks and electronic fuel-management voodoo to get maximum power and efficiency out of a comparatively compact package. This in turn uses a five-speed transmission and ends with a clean, reliable, and low-maintenance belt

drive to complete a drivetrain that's as easy to look after as it is efficient.

Where chrome and huge fenders are popular choices on a lot of motorcycles, the Bolt goes with the minimal "Bobber" approach to show that more elemental styling has a beauty all its own. There's a purposeful lack of flash and glitter, yet the detail work is certainly there, and it's done in a subtle, functional way. The LCD instrument cluster takes up little space, yet is quite comprehensive and gives a nod to the digital age we live in. The suspension components are straightforward, and, on the slightly more expensive R-Spec Bolt, feature rear shocks with piggyback reservoirs for improved ride quality and handling. The R-Spec also boasts blacked-out mirrors, special color choices, and additional trim alterations to further accent its Spartan, low-key persona.

With a light 540-pound wet weight and low 27.2-inch seat height to complement an upright riding posture, the Bolt is a great choice if you're just starting out on two wheels. That said, you won't soon outgrow it because Star has dedicated accessories, including a passenger-seat/backrest kit and saddlebags to increase the bike's road-trip capability. The affordable price of admission leaves a lot of money in your budget to beautify your Bolt, which for many is a major component to the joy of riding. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled V-twin
Bore x stroke	85mm x 83mm
Displacement	942 cc
Fuel system	Fuel injection with 3-D mapping
Ignition	Transistorized-controlled ignition
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	Telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Dual shocks; remote reservoir on R-Spec
Front brake	Single 298mm wave-style disc
Rear brake	Single 298mm wave-style disc
Front tire	100/90-19
Rear tire	150/80-16
Fuel tank	3.2-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	61.8 inches
Seat height	27.2 inches
Wet weight	540 pounds
Base price	\$7,990; R-Spec: \$8,290





For the past few years, my girlfriend and I have dressed up for Halloween as a "team." For example, last year she wore short-shorts with a top that was two sizes too small, and carried around a squirt bottle of mustard. She was a sexy hot-dog waitress. I wore a brown sweat suit from Walmart, a stuffed vest, and other crap to make myself look like a giant hot dog. I was a sweaty mess an hour into the night, and once again had to watch other guys ogle my girl's gorgeous body. This year, she's thrown out some ideas, and they all involve her as a "sexy" something and me looking like a jackass. How do I tell her nicely but emphatically that she should wear whatever sexy outfit she wants and I'll go as something completely random?

As much as I love women taking the clothing of regular professions and slutting them up, there are some jobs that just ain't sexy. Hot-dog waitress is high on the list. That said, slutty Halloween costumes aren't going away—thankfully—so you need to find a way to deal.

First off, never let a woman make you look bad. I don't care if she's your girlfriend, wife, boss, mistress, the girl you're fucking, the girl you want to fuck, the boss's wife you're fucking, or even your mother. The minute a woman has control over your clothing, it's over. Today you're dressed like a giant meat dildo, tomorrow you're wearing matching outfits and filling out paperwork to appear on a reality show about husbands and boyfriends without a backbone.

Here's how you get out of dressing up like a walking weenie this year: Act 100 percent enthusiastic about every suggestion your girl makes for costumes. When she figures out that something's up and asks why you're being so accommodating, tell her one (or both) of these two things: (1) Last year you had so many girls telling you what a great boyfriend you were that you could have stuck your foot-long in the buns of any broad in the place, or (2) dressing in a big costume that partially blocks your face means you're more comfortable while you leer at all the tits and ass hanging out of other girls' slutty costumes. She'll either back off on the stupid costume ideas or break up with you. Either way, your ass is off the hot seat. ☺

COSTUME DRAMA

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to avoid being an accessory of your date's slutty costume.

Illustration by Celia Calle



SPOOKY GOOD

Move over, moonshine. Jacob's Ghost brings a spirited twist to whiskey.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

Here is how you know the mark of a good horror movie: It makes the color drain from your face, turning you white as a ghost. With whiskey, though, white does not automatically mean that the spirit is all right. Recent years have witnessed the meteoric rise of moonshine, or white dog, a clear whiskey that has never spent a second inside an oak barrel.


A big part of the spirit's allure is its law-breaking lore, harking back to hardscrabble men making 'shine deep in the hollers of West Virginia and Kentucky. While moonshine's outlaw story has a nice ring to it, there's one crucial fact that's normally glossed over—namely, 'shine often tastes terrible. Sure, you're able to savor the grains' pure, distilled essence, but without charred oak's mellowing assistance, moonshine can be a rough-and-tumble spirit that drinks like a bar fight in your belly.

"If you have a moonshine or white dog, the flavor can be too one-note with the grain," explains Adam Harris, Jim Beam's North American bourbon ambassador. "As the moonshine trend grew over the past three or four years, we had an opportunity to play around in the category, but we didn't just want to do another moonshine."

For the lion's share of the liquor industry, that had meant cranking out spirits lickety-split, bottling 'em, and slapping on price tags on par with a bourbon or whiskey that had spent the better part of a decade slumbering in a barrel. Jim Beam decided to take a different route.

The distillery dialed up a bourbon recipe (mostly corn, with the support of malted barley and spicy rye) and consigned the spirit to a freshly charred oak barrel for at least a year. After a year, the whiskey was removed from the barrels and heavily filtered, leaving behind a straw-colored tint. The result was Jacob's Ghost, a fantastically unique phantom. "It's the first aged white dog," Harris says of the whiskey, which is named after the Beam family's eighteenth-century patriarch, Jacob. "Much of the whiskey that Jacob made might've looked a lot like Jacob's Ghost."

On its own, the 80-proof whiskey is far mellow than most moonshine. While you can drink the Ghost straight up or on the rocks, the dry, abrupt finish means that this isn't a whiskey designed for sipping. Instead, Jacob's Ghost excels as a tool in the bartender's arsenal, supplying a fun twist on brown-spirits standbys, such as the Julep or the Manhattan. Moreover, "you can enjoy it the same way you'd use a white rum or blanco tequila," Harris says, suggesting drinkers use the spirit in lieu of rum in a Daiquiri, or tequila in a Margarita, or that classic Mexican thirst-quencher, the Paloma, to create their own variations. "I like to pour an ounce and a half of Jacob's Ghost into a glass, squeeze in half a grapefruit, and top it with some nice tonic," Harris says.

While some naysayers may see Jim Beam as piling onto the moonshine bandwagon, Harris sees Jacob's Ghost as an opportunity to create a versatile new spirit. "At Beam, we're big into innovation," he says. "We wanted to create something that people will be able to enjoy for a long time." One taste, and Jacob's Ghost might haunt you forever. 

BLOODY GHOST

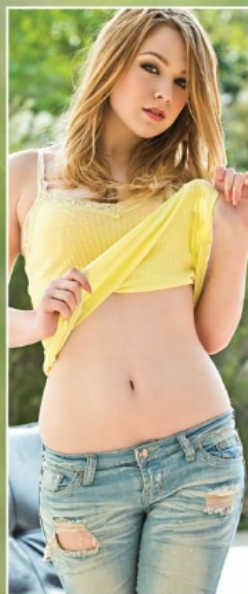
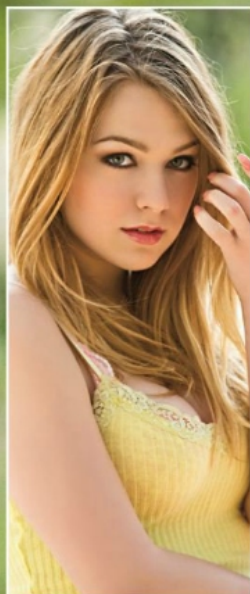
We know you all too well: The day after Halloween, you're likely to be hungover to high heaven. To bring you back to life and scare away that headache, sip on this spooky-good take on the classic A.M. drink, created by Kentucky mixologist Larry Rice.

INGREDIENTS

Two ounces of Jacob's Ghost White Whiskey
Two ounces of tomato juice
Pinch of salt
Pinch of sugar
Dash of Tabasco (to taste)
Dash of fresh lime juice (to taste)

Combine Jacob's Ghost with tomato juice, salt, sugar, Tabasco, and lime juice. Shake over ice and pour into a salt-rimmed glass.



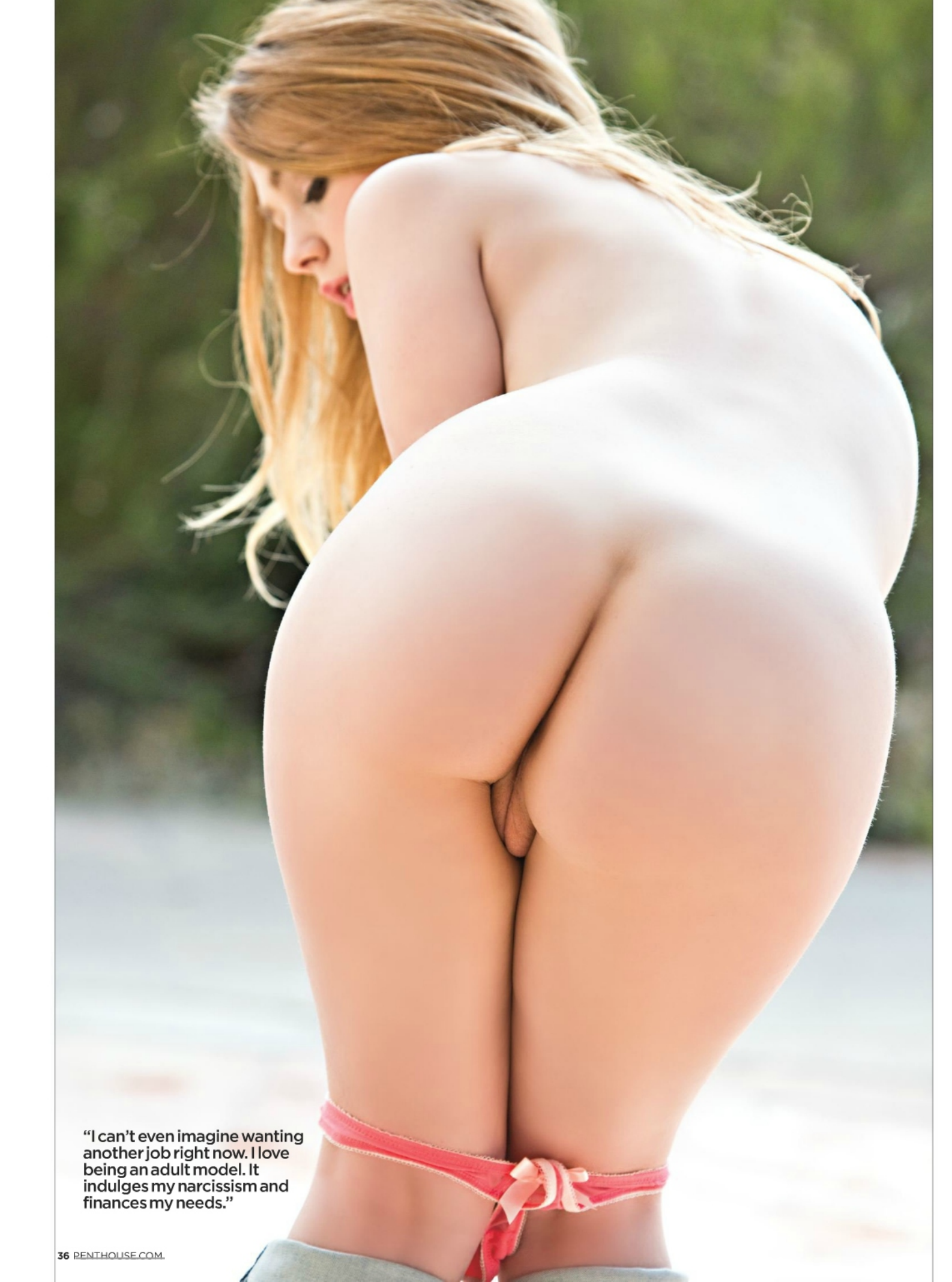


foxy lady

Alaina Fox, a 20-year-old beauty from North Carolina with a heart-stopping 38-27-34 figure, has found the perfect career for herself: erotic model. It's working out nicely for all of us, as well.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire



A photograph of a woman with long blonde hair, seen from the back, posing on a beach. She is wearing a red string bikini bottom with a bow at the back. Her hands are clasped behind her back, and she is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The background is a blurred beach scene with greenery and sand.

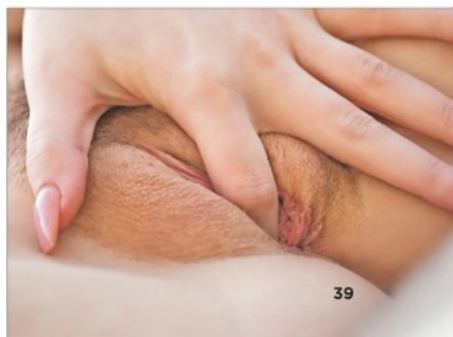
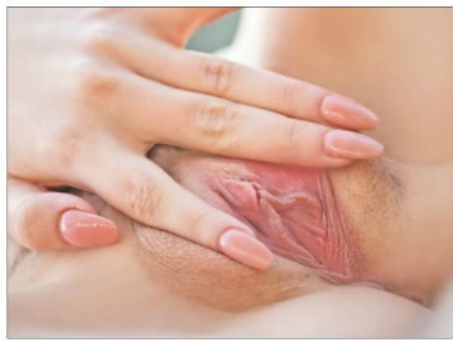
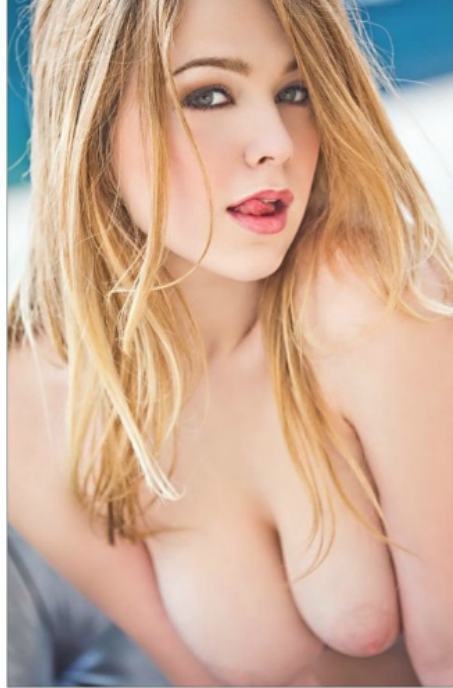
"I can't even imagine wanting another job right now. I love being an adult model. It indulges my narcissism and finances my needs."





"I did ballet and tap for ten years, and I've danced in a strip club. Exercise is a really nice bonus to pole-dancing. I generally avoid working out otherwise."

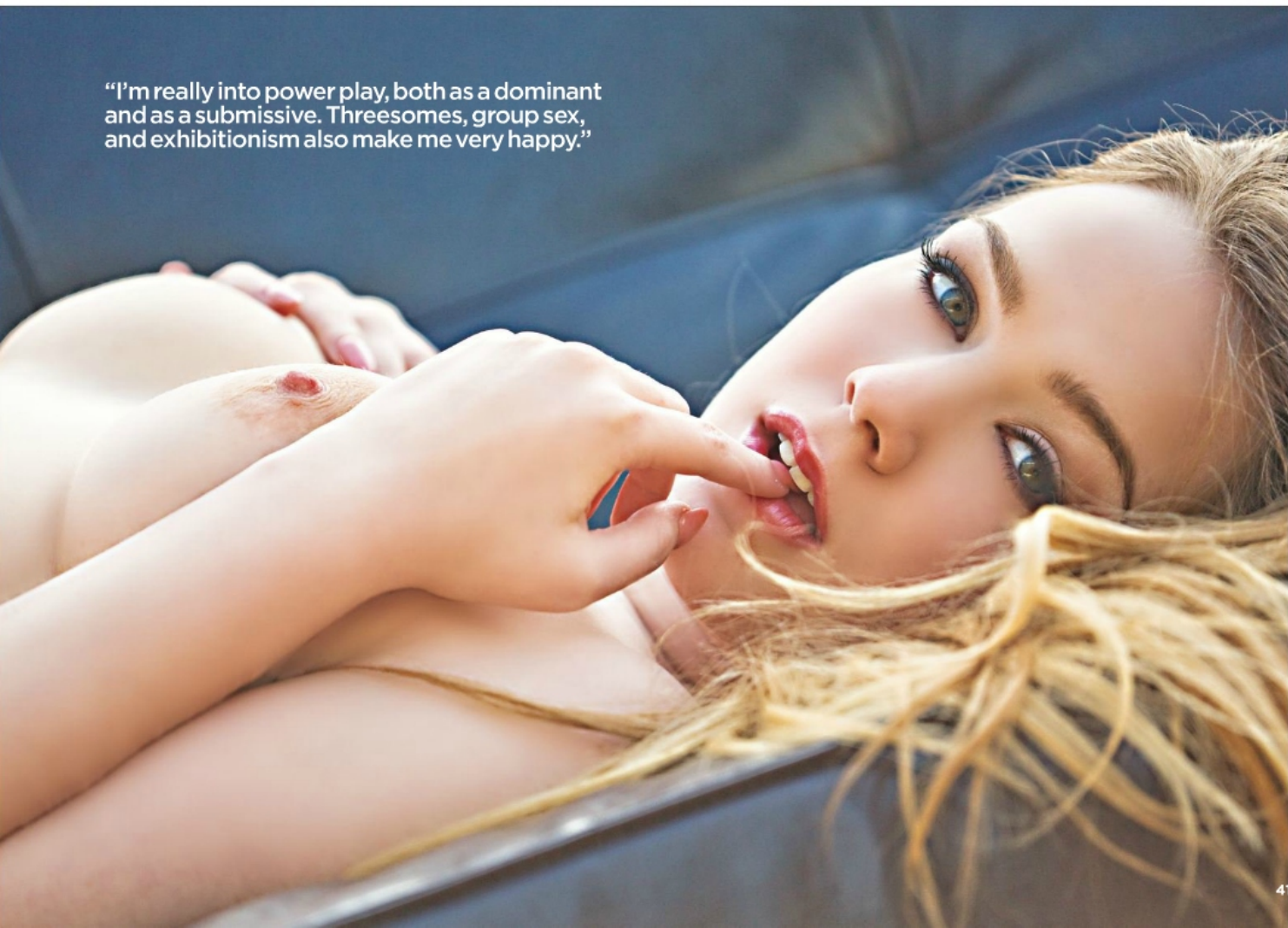








"I'm really into power play, both as a dominant and as a submissive. Threesomes, group sex, and exhibitionism also make me very happy."



"The only time I would have sex with a stranger is if it was a really hot girl, or I was participating in an awesome glory-hole fantasy."

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With Revis in the fold, we expect the Bucs to make a run at the postseason.



Ryan and the Falcons will be hungry to make up for last season's playoff collapse.



Did you forget about Newton last season? Won't happen this year.

Signal-Calling

We tab the favorites, and a few dark horses, for the top accolades of the upcoming NFL season.
By Peter Schrager

In 2012-13, three rookie quarterbacks started NFL playoff games, two brothers squared off as coaches in the Super Bowl, and "the Butt Fumble" joined "the Catch" and "the Immaculate Reception" in the ranks of the most famous plays in NFL history.

What's in store for this year? Here are our educated guesses:

■ Super Bowl XLVIII Contenders

The Favorites: The oddsmakers love the **Broncos** and **49ers** this year, and a Denver-San Francisco Super Bowl matchup was listed as a 10:1 favorite in Vegas as we went to press.

But we're not counting out the defending champions, the **Baltimore Ravens**, just yet. Baltimore re-signed quarterback Joe Flacco, acquired defensive studs Elvis Dumervil and Chris Canty, and got younger and healthier in the defensive backfield by cutting ties with Ed Reed and Bernard Pollard.

Add a 100 percent healthy Lardarius Webb at cornerback and Marshal Yanda on the O-line, and the Ravens are still our team to beat in the AFC. For the NFC, we're going with another club outside Las Vegas's preseason Top 5 (which is rounded out by New England, Seattle, and Green Bay): the **Atlanta Falcons**. Coming off a 13-3 season and fully loaded with quarterback Matt Ryan, absurdly talented wide receiver Julio Jones, veteran tight end Tony Gonzalez, and former Giants defensive end Osi Umenyiora, the Falcons are hungry to make up for blowing a

17-point lead in last season's NFC title game.

So we're calling for a Baltimore-Atlanta Super Bowl matchup in New Jersey come February. You can take that to Vegas.

The Dark Horses: This year's *Penthouse* sleeper teams both come from the sunny state of Florida, where the **Dolphins** and the **Buccaneers** could be intriguing teams to watch. Miami beefed up its offense with the addition of superfast wide receiver Mike Wallace and improved its D by adding six-foot-six, 247-pound defensive end Dion Jordan with the third overall pick in the 2013 draft. Tampa Bay—one of the league's most surprising teams a season ago—went big and traded for Darrelle Revis, the top cornerback in the game. Both teams could sneak into the playoffs and make a January run.

■ Most Valuable Player

The Favorites: The website SportsBook.ag has Denver QB **Peyton Manning** as the 4:1 favorite to win the NFL MVP award in 2013. The 2012 winner, Minnesota running back **Adrian Peterson**, is only listed as a 12:1 pick to repeat. Quarterbacks **Tom Brady** (New England) and **Aaron Rodgers** (Green Bay) are both 6:1 favorites, but both lost key receivers to free agency during the off-season. So we're going with Atlanta QB **Matt Ryan**. He's not among SportsBook.ag's Top 10 favorites to win the award, but we expect big things out of Matty Ice and his Falcons teammates this year.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) WILL VRAGOVIC/ZUMA PRESS/ALAMY, JOE ROBBINS/GETTY IMAGES, ANANTACHAI BROWN/ZUMA PRESS/ALAMY



Cincinnati's Atkins had a club-record 12.5 sacks in 2012.

The Dark Horse: He was somewhat forgotten last season after a sensational rookie year, but Carolina QB **Cam Newton** was unstoppable down the stretch as the Panthers won five of their last six games. Keep an eye on him this season.

Coach of the Year

The Favorites: It's a bit confusing to call these guys "favorites," because the Coach of the Year award usually goes to the man who takes over a moribund franchise and breathes life into the team. This year, we can imagine **Jeff Fisher** turning around the Rams in the NFC, and **Mike Munchak** doing the same for the Titans in the AFC.

The Dark Horse: We're suckers for Wilford Brimley look-alikes and Tommy Bahama shirts, so we're putting **Andy Reid**, the new Chiefs coach, into the mix.

NFL Defensive Player of the Year

The Favorites: Houston Texans defensive end **J. J. Watt** was the near-unanimous choice for this award last year, and he's a good bet to repeat, but Bengals defensive tackle **Geno Atkins**—a former fourth-round pick who has made two Pro Bowls—is a solid candidate, too.

The Dark Horse: St. Louis Rams defensive end **Chris Long**, son of Hall of Famer Howie, has steadily improved during his six-year NFL career. Don't be surprised if this is a breakout season for him.

Movers and Shakers

The five most interesting transactions of the off-season



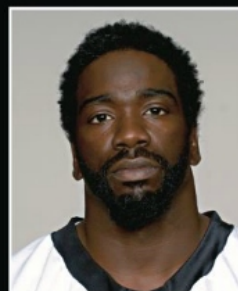
1 Chip Kelly to the Eagles

The 14-year Andy Reid Era has ended in Philadelphia, as former Oregon boss Chip Kelly takes over as Eagles coach this season. Expect fast-paced offensive drives and some pretty good press-conference sound bites.



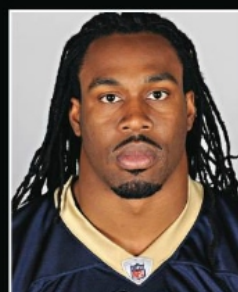
2 Mike Wallace to the Dolphins

After a strong rookie season, big-armed Miami quarterback Ryan Tannehill now has arguably the top deep threat in the league lining up at wide receiver.



3 Ed Reed to the Texans

Maybe a veteran presence is what the Texans need to get over the hump. After two years of losing in the Divisional Round, they add former Ravens free safety and Super Bowl champion Reed to their roster.



4 Steven Jackson to the Falcons

Jackson racked up eight straight 1,000-yard rushing seasons on some terrible Rams teams. Now, he finally joins a winner in Atlanta.



5 Percy Harvin to the Seahawks

An All-Pro wide receiver and one of the NFL's most electric players, Harvin joins quarterback Russell Wilson and running back Marshawn Lynch in Seattle's high-powered attack.

Five players who made the news for all the wrong reasons this off-season



POLICE DEPARTMENT
DESMOND BRYANT
HT 6'6" WT 311 DOB 12.15.85

In February, the Cleveland Browns defensive end was arrested on a misdemeanor criminal-mischief charge. In his priceless mug shot—shirtless, tongue lolling from open mouth—he looks nothing like the Harvard man he is.



POLICE DEPARTMENT
AUSAR WALCOTT
HT 6'2" WT 230 DOB 01.07.85

A first-year player out of the University of Virginia, Walcott was charged with attempted murder in June for allegedly punching a man outside a club in northern New Jersey. The Cleveland Browns released him immediately.



POLICE DEPARTMENT
TITUS YOUNG
HT 5'11" WT 174 DOB 08.21.89



The former second-round pick of the Detroit Lions was arrested three times in one week in May, eventually pleading not guilty to 11 criminal counts, including assaulting a police officer, burglary, and resisting arrest.



POLICE DEPARTMENT
JOSH BRENT
HT 6'2" WT 320 DOB 11.06.81

Brent was charged with intoxication manslaughter after a December 2012 motor-vehicle accident in which he was the driver and his teammate Jerry Brown was killed. In June 2013, reports revealed that Brent had failed two drug tests since the accident. As we went to press, the big nose-tackle was still gainfully employed by Jerry Jones's Dallas Cowboys.



POLICE DEPARTMENT
AARON HERNANDEZ
HT 6'1" WT 245 DOB 11-06-89

Hernandez was charged with first-degree murder and several weapons violations in the June 17 death of Odin Lloyd, a 27-year-old semi-pro football player from the Boston area. Hernandez's name was also linked to a February 2013 shooting in Miami, a July 2012 double murder in Boston, and a 2007 shooting in Gainesville, Florida, where he attended college. The New England Patriots released him, and allowed fans to trade in his replica jersey for that of another New England player. He was also "deactivated" from *Madden 25* and *NCAA Football 14*.





Jenn Sterger

Out-of-Bounds

Five of the juiciest recent NFL sex scandals



LITTLE BRETT, 2010

Veteran quarterback Brett Favre sent cellphone dick pics to curvy New York Jets sideline reporter Jenn Sterger (left). She was not impressed. Neither was the general public when Deadspin published the photos.



BARBER CUTS OUT, 2010

Former New York Giants running back Tiki Barber pulled a gadget play on his wife of 11 years—while she was pregnant with twins. “Sneaky Tiki,” as the *New York Post* dubbed him, started an affair with an NBC intern named Traci Lynn Johnson (left), leading to the couple’s divorce in 2012. Eight days after the split became official, Barber married Johnson.



MINNESOTA LOVE BOAT, 2005

One of Minnesota’s 10,000 lakes was not like the other 9,999 on an October night in 2005: That was when 17 Minnesota Vikings players rented a pair of houseboats, flew in fleets of prostitutes from Florida and Atlanta, and threw a good old-fashioned sex party in the middle of Lake Minnetonka. Among the highlights: Fred Smoot’s double-donging escapades and Bryant McKinnie’s “runnin’ through the okra patch,” as Smoot called it in 2013. Google it.



ROLE-MODEL REVERSAL, 2000

Green Bay Packers tight end Mark Chmura, a staunch Republican and self-described “role model,” skipped a 1997 team visit to the White House, later saying about then-President Bill Clinton’s sexual imbroglio with Monica Lewinsky: “It doesn’t really say much for society and the morals [Clinton] sets forth for our children.” Cut to April 2000, when Chmura was charged with child enticement and third-degree sexual assault after a drunken dip in the hot tub with his kids’ 17-year-old babysitter. Chmura, shown here with his wife, was acquitted of all charges in the he-said/she-said case.



UNGENTLE BEN? 2009, 2010

He’s helped deliver two Super Bowl titles to Pittsburgh, but off the field, Steelers quarterback Ben Roethlisberger’s record is not so shiny. In 2009, a Nevada woman filed a civil suit accusing him of sexual assault after a 2008 incident in a Lake Tahoe hotel. (The case was eventually settled out of court.) A year later, a 20-year-old college student in Georgia accused Roethlisberger of sexual assault in the women’s bathroom of a nightclub. Officials concluded there was not enough evidence to bring charges, but NFL commissioner Roger Goodell suspended the QB without pay for the first six games of the 2010 season.

Five for Fantasy

Playing fantasy football this year? Remember these five tips when drafting your squad in August:

1 Wait on running backs

Sure, Adrian Peterson and Arian Foster will put up big numbers, but so might Alfred Morris and Bryce Brown. Waiver-wire running backs have a lot more success than waiver-wire quarterbacks and wideouts. Take one stud running back and build the rest of your team before drafting a second.

2 Beef up at wide receiver

Filling that third wide receiver spot week to week is an endless struggle. You never regret having too many star wideouts, so why not draft as many as you can? Good rule of thumb—make sure you have three wide receivers before entering the sixth round of your draft.


3 Stay away from the Browns

They’re not fun to watch, their players don’t produce great fantasy numbers, and you never know which ones will perform.

4 Keep track of bye weeks

There’s no point in having two defenses or kickers or tight ends that share the same bye week. It’s easy: Just check the schedules and avoid drafting guys who’ll be off the same week.

5 Wait on a kicker

Don’t spend a pick earlier than the last two rounds on a kicker. And if you take one with your first ten picks, you’re doing this all wrong. 



RINGS OF FIRE

The open-air burn pits used in Iraq and Afghanistan since the Gulf War are finally coming under fire for the medical problems that may have resulted from their toxic smoke.

By Jennifer Peters

It didn't stay in Iraq. It didn't stop there," says Rosie Torres of the alleged problems caused by burn pits. "This has followed us home and is now claiming the lives of so many." Torres is the wife of one of the many soldiers who believe they're sick—and, in some cases, dying—because they were exposed to smoke produced by burn pits that were used to dispose of trash in a combat zone. Until this past January, when President Obama signed legislation requiring the Department of Veterans Affairs to create a registry to track service members who have gotten sick or died after exposure, no official action had been taken to address the issue.

The problem, according to Ryan Gallucci, an Iraq vet and the deputy legislative director for the Veterans of Foreign Wars, is that the burn pits exist all across combat zones and there is not yet enough research to prove if they're causing the conditions believed to be associated with exposure to toxic smoke. "Burn pits are used out of necessity," Gallucci says. "One of the harsh realities of military service is that you can't leave your trash behind. It can be a security risk, and it can pose additional environmental hazards for wherever we're operating."

Steven Coughlin, MD, a former VA employee, testified before the House of Representatives in March. He claimed that the problems caused by burn pits had been brushed aside by a VA research contingent while he was working for the department. According to Coughlin, while they were researching post-traumatic stress disorder and traumatic brain injury among Iraq and Afghanistan veterans, there was increasing interest from researchers in looking at the relationship between burn pits and/or other inhalational hazards and asthma and bronchitis. Coughlin says he was told to disregard data collected from veterans about doctors' visits and hospitalizations for these respiratory conditions.

"Some of the information that the study provided about how many veterans were self-reporting that they had been exposed to burn pits or other

inhalational hazards was set aside or discarded and the focus was narrowed," Coughlin says. "The way they were analyzing the data obscured the key associations rather than highlighting them. The preliminary analyses showed that a sizable percentage of the research participants who had been exposed to these inhalational health hazards were more likely to have been diagnosed with asthma or bronchitis by their own physician."

Since Coughlin's resignation in December 2012, legislation has been proposed by members of the House of Representatives to establish three unique Centers of Excellence to study the effects of burn pits and exposure-related illness. If passed, the Helping Veterans Exposed to Toxic Chemicals Act would require the Department of Defense and the VA to open facilities that would be similar to the existing Defense Centers of Excellence for Psychological Health (PTSD) and Traumatic Brain Injury; the DOD and VA would be given \$30 million each year through 2019 to run the centers.

In the meantime, legislation was passed in April that requires the VA to start a registry so that vets can self-report burn-pit exposure and any health effects they believe are related, a move that took far too long, considering Gulf War vets were exposed 20 years ago and more than a decade has passed since the first Operation Iraqi Freedom/Operation Enduring Freedom veterans were exposed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (ABOVE) ANDREW BURTON/REUTERS/CORBISIMAGES, (RIGHT, TOP) MICHAEL MACOR/SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE/CORBIS, (RIGHT, SECOND FROM TOP) MARK STAHL/GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT, BOTTOM) THE WASHINGTON POST/GETTY IMAGES

In June 2012, VA spokesman Curtis Coy told the *Military Times* that while he agreed more research was needed, a registry was not the appropriate tool for gathering data, saying that registries for victims of Agent Orange and Gulf War Syndrome had done little to further knowledge of the problems.

Others in the veterans' community disagree. Paul Rieckhoff, the executive director of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America, believes a registry would be a valuable asset. As a 9/11 first responder, Rieckhoff is part of the World Trade Center Health Registry, which he says has been a very effective tool for both those affected and the greater medical community.

Rieckhoff thinks a burn-pit registry would help find hot spots and clustered incidents, even after units separate upon returning stateside. "If we know that the National Guard unit from a certain state was in a particular area and the members are now experiencing a negative health impact, then we can get the research and medical care that's necessary," he explains. "A lot of folks have health issues and they don't know what it's from. It could be from burn pits, it could be from something else, but I think creating a registry is an important starting point so we can gather the data and see if there are trends."

While veterans wait for the VA to create an official registry—Congress has given the agency a one-year deadline to do so—advocates have been collecting data. Torres, who runs BurnPits360.org, has collected information from more than 2,000 veterans and active-duty service members who believe they've been negatively impacted by the use of burn pits. Torres created the site in 2010 after her husband, former Army captain Le Roy Torres, returned from a year stationed at Joint Base Balad in Iraq and began having trouble breathing. Her husband had been in fighting shape before his deployment, but he was having coughing fits and getting easily winded. Local doctors were unable to diagnose the problem, so the couple went to VA hospitals, then DOD hospitals. Even a trip to the War Related Illness and Injury Study Center in Washington, D.C., failed to yield results.

"We've probably had more than 80 medical visits since he got back from Iraq," Rosie Torres says. "Toxic exposure eats up your body one organ at a time. He had a liver biopsy. They removed his gallbladder. He had several scans of his brain because he suffers from very, very bad headaches, to the point where we're always at the hospital and no one can tell us what's wrong." Torres has fought tirelessly to get legislation passed that could help an entire generation of soldiers who are suffering from similar illnesses.

Paul Richmond is one of the vets who's registered with BurnPits360. After a five-month tour of duty in Iraq, Richmond began getting headaches that wouldn't go away. "I've had MRIs, I've had CAT scans, I've had a little bit of everything," he tells us. "And to this point, the neurologist I've been seeing since I came home in 2005 still cannot pinpoint any exact cause." Richmond, like Torres, didn't think about a connection to the burn pits at first, though he remembers them well. "You could smell that burning," he says. "The winds pushed all that smoke

from the pit to where we lived."

According to Richmond and other vets, everything was burned in the pits, from everyday garbage to human and medical waste, amputated body parts, and old vehicles and tires. The most common accelerant for the pits is jet fuel.

The problem isn't just the smoke, however. The real issue is the particulate matter, according to Anthony Szema, MD, an assistant professor and researcher from the School of Medicine at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, one of the proposed sites for a Center of Excellence to study inhalational hazards and their associated medical conditions. While larger particles get caught in the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth and can be felt, the smoke from the burn pits contains particles that are small enough to inhale. "We think that most lay persons, and even many doctors, are completely unaware of this problem," Szema says. "Unless you see these patients often, you would not be attuned to the nuances of this emerging disease."

Szema recently conducted research on a group of mice using dust from Camp Victory, Iraq. The dust, which had been collected by the Army Corps of Engineers, was injected into the airways of the mice, which were monitored for several weeks. Immediately after the injections, Szema and his team noticed inflammation of the mice's lungs, and within two weeks, the subjects were experiencing symptoms of even greater immunosuppression.

The inhalational hazards, according to Szema, also include particulate matter from improvised explosive devices and sandstorms, bacteria unique to the desert, and air pollution. "Particulate-matter air pollution is bad, be it from sandstorms or explosives or burning smoke, or even aeroallergens like pollen," the doctor explains. "You could get allergically sensitized to that, get allergic asthma, or it could exacerbate a preexisting condition."

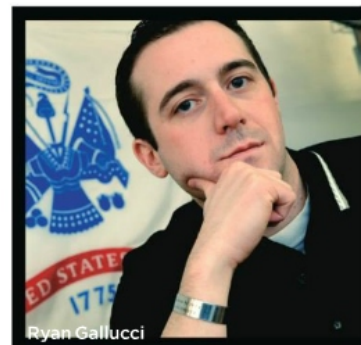
Allergies and asthma aren't the only conditions associated with breathing in particulate matter. Szema says other possible effects include cardiovascular disease, heart attacks, strokes, bronchitis, emphysema, and chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. He's even seen patients who, after exposure to the toxic sand and smoke, now have titanium embedded in their lungs.

Szema currently works with the data gathered by BurnPits360 to track trends in health conditions allegedly caused by the toxic particulates, but believes an official database is still necessary: "I think analyzing data from a broad array of patients from across the United States, and doing it within the VA system, will help us get a better handle on the scope and nature of the problem."

More than anything, advocates hope that the legislation will allow veterans to come forward and tell their stories so that they can be treated sooner rather than later. "It's cliché, but war is hell in every sense of the word," the VFW's Gallucci says. "It's a bad place to be. Individual experiences may vary, but that doesn't mean they should be marginalized in any way. If you're having legitimate health problems because of what you were exposed to in a combat environment, then we have an obligation to make sure you're taken care of." ☐



Le Roy and Rosie Torres



Ryan Gallucci

Waylon Albright Jennings, more famously known as Shooter, is the 34-year-old son of two country-music legends: Waylon, of course, and Jessi Colter. Shooter enjoyed a happy childhood and grew up revering his parents, but his pedigree comes with expectations, both from himself and from his fans. And there's the rub. In an exchange that's astonishingly frank, given we're in the age of management-approved sound bites, Jennings explains the circuitous direction of his career, and talks not only about his extraordinary albums—*Black Ribbons*, as well as the more recent *Family Man* and *The Other Life*—but why he's so misunderstood.

There's so much growth from your early albums to these last two. What contributed to that?

I think it's growing older, and musically, I take songwriting and the composition of music very seriously. There was a great documentary on Bruce Springsteen called *The Promise*. In that, he said that when you start doing music, you're operating on your instincts alone, and you have to trust those. And the more songs you write, you start to write through musical experience, and that takes over. That's the same way with me. I'm not saying I do it as well as he does, but I do it a lot better than I did when I was younger.

SON OF AN OUTLAW

Shooter Jennings offers a stark and fascinating portrait of an artist in search of the truth—let the chips fall where they may.

Interview by Alanna Nash

The turning point in your work was probably the *Black Ribbons* album.

Yeah, it's a giant piece of the puzzle, probably the most vital piece, if you're looking at my whole career. Because it's such a departure. *Put the O Back in Country* and *Electric Rodeo*, the first two records, I could put those together as a natural progression. *The Wolf*, I was a little more lost, so I kind of set it aside by itself. *Black Ribbons* is a concept record. Stephen King is on it, and the sound is different from normal, and it's kind of a fictional band. That's the album where all my frustrations came out, but anyone who knew me as a child and heard it said, "That's the Shooter I know."

Why is that?

As a wide-eyed young man I moved to L.A., and I had a rock band. Our dream was to get signed by a major label and get famous and successful.



And it didn't happen that way. That started as an industrial, David Bowie-style band [and became] more of a riff-rock band, as people came in and out. When I released *Put the O Back in Country*, I'd been in L.A. for a long time. I hadn't been in Nashville at all. I was aware of what was going on down there, but I wasn't part of it. And I didn't think the record would be embraced in any nature by Nashville. It was, so I felt like it was a very innocent offering, because there wasn't any influence. In *Electric Rodeo*, I was trying to bring more psychedelic and hard rock into the country that we were getting a little success with. In my dream, we would have made an influential change in popular country music by bending it toward better musicianship and better song crafting, so real artists could break through. That didn't happen.

At the same time, Hank [Williams] III's *Straight to Hell* came out. And

they weren't going to let us come in and run 'em up the charts. Country radio had gone so far in this whole-some marketing-to-housewives world that rebellious, edgy 25- and 30-year-olds weren't going to fit.

Then we did *The Wolf*. A lot of people I respect say that is their favorite record of mine. But my guitar player and I were having a lot of problems with each other, and to me that was the sound of the band breaking up. And within a month or two, I was on tour, and I had replacement players, and I was depressed. It was the worst phase of my life.

What inspired *Black Ribbons*?

Well, I was hurt, I was angry, and at the same time I had thrown myself into this other world of *Coast to Coast A.M.*, the [paranormal-themed] Art Bell [radio] program, since I was about 15. Now it's [hosted by] George Noory. I was moving my family from



New York to L.A. to start recording my next record, and we did a lot of night driving, and I always tuned in. And all the while, just to set the mood, literally driving days and days across the United States, I listened to the only CD I had, a Blue Oyster Cult "greatest" collection that I'd bought at a truck stop because it had the song "Astronomy" on it. I always loved the drama of that song. So I had that, and then I would listen to George Noory. One night [British conspiracy theorist] David Icke was on, and he talked the whole four hours about this crazy thing, the Illuminati, and these reptiles. It intrigued me so much that I bought books on it and started drawing lyrical ideas from it. I already wanted to do a record that played like a radio show, and that's *Black Ribbons*. I got Stephen King to play the talk-radio host, this guy who's in his last year of broadcast before the government

regulates and approves all the airwaves. He's going off the air, and it's his last night, and his choice is to play songs by this band called Hierophant all night and talk and have a drink. Basically, that's the album. It was all crazy, and we went through a lot, like getting stuff thrown at us at shows.

Why did people throw things at you?

When we went on tour, we played the entire record with the Stephen King breaks. And then we did 45 minutes of the hits. But we started with this crazy record, and a lot of it is really rock music. Some of it is kind of Pink Floyd-y, and some of it is kind of Nine Inch Nails-y. And Stephen King keeps painting the picture of the way it is at this period of time. He says there's this park where people used to hang out, that it's just a tent city for soldiers, and that government security agents are locking down the city. He says, "With all your guns and



your grenades and graceless glory," and a drunk guy in the audience thought I was talking shit on the troops. He started screaming, "He doesn't support the troops!" and he went outside and marched up and down the street. Another guy threw a beer can at me. It hit my guitar while I was playing. So there were some weird moments. And I felt pretty beat up after that. But at the same time, I've got this whole other fan base that came out of that, and those are the people that'll stick with me for life.

How did you come to do *Family Man* and *The Other Life*?

At the time, I was listening to lots of John Prine and Harry Nilsson. I'd really fallen in love with both of them, and also Steve Young, who wrote "Lonesome, On'ry & Mean" and "Seven Bridges Road" and "The White Trash Song." Steve and I were writing back and forth, talking

"The only way that country would become cool again is the Nirvana effect. That new great artist would have to come in and instantly make every single thing that's popular uncool."

about songwriting, and he built my confidence back up to attempt to write simple songs. I was back in New York then, and I basically demoed up 20 songs and went into the studio, and 15 of 'em got completed. And when we were done, it looked like one big cool album. But a friend of mine convinced me that I should cut it into two albums, just because in this day and age, you need to be putting out albums quicker. And at the time, I was going through a big transition in my life. I was splitting up with the mother of my children. I don't like to get into that stuff very much, but at the time,

along the way. All those came from a different place, a more energetic place. And I really wanted to get some of that psychedelic stuff back in there, and make it more experimental, and kind of a transitional record.

So that's why we get "The Flying Saucer Song."

Yeah, the Harry Nilsson song, which I got tattooed on my back in the movie. For real, though. I had that much commitment to the lyrics. It's basically about this guy who sees this ball of light stream across the sky while he's looking for light in the darkness. And

and what I think it means. But it was interesting listening to other people find different meaning in it, too.

It's very evocative of Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*. It's got that dreamy, nightmarish quality.

Yeah. It's just [about] making rash decisions because you can't focus in your life because things are all falling apart. Those decisions take you to these places, and then how do you get out of them?

The song "A Hard Lesson to Learn" references George Jones, who died not long ago, and your dad is gone, and Merle Haggard and Ray Price are ailing. What will the loss of that generation mean to country music?

It'll mean that all eyes will be forced on the youth. I'm very inspired by this new Daft Punk record. It's an amazing artistic offering. Pure. And it's getting huge success. That's a really good



Jennings's video for "A Hard Lesson to Learn," part of a short film directed by Blake Judd that complements the album *The Other Life*, features the singer, a surreal storyline, and lots of scantily clad hot chicks, as shown above. Check it out at PenthouseMagazine.com.

that was affecting me. And there was a part of the album that was full of love for my family, and there was another part that reflected the heartbreak and the anguish of what we were going through in the relationship. And that was some of my favorite stuff. That was "Wild and Lonesome" and "The Other Life" and "The White Trash Song." But I put that stuff aside and focused on the sweet, more gentle stuff, and that was *Family Man*. I was really proud of that record, and it definitely had some things to say. But I knew it was a simplistic record compared to what *The Other Life* was going to be.

I sat on these other songs until I had time to fill in what I thought was missing. And that's where "The Gunslinger" and "The Low Road" and "Mama, It's Just My Medicine" all came from. And I'd cut "Outlaw You"

to me that said, "No matter what's going on, you have to do it, and you have to do it with meaning, because there's always someone watching you who is going to take something from what you're doing and be inspired by it." It was like a mantra for me. And it represented a lot of this album.

Your staggering film interpretation of *The Other Life* places you on the road, beseeched by a mysterious lady, and running from your own demons. Talk to us about that.

Well, there's a lot in that to be said. At first, we were showing it only at VIP shows. Now we're showing it when the doors open if we're headlining. When we were showing it to VIPs, everybody wanted to know, "What's it about?" And ultimately, I'm not really comfortable saying. Because there are things that I take away from it,

thing for music, because if something real is blowing up, it means that doors will open.

You don't have a lot of patience for most popular music.

No, I don't, and I don't have a lot of faith in it. I do believe that there's going to be another great artist, someone who will come along and change the tide. But the only way that country would become cool again is the Nirvana effect. That act would have to come in and instantly make every single thing that's popular uncool overnight. Because there's no way that Jason Aldean's "1994" song—I mean, I'm not trying to pick out people to shit-talk about, but there's just no way that stuff like Luke Bryan's "Spring Break" could coexist with something that was extremely real and extremely popular.

You played the Grand Ole Opry not long ago, and sang “Outlaw You,” which is extremely critical of the poseurs in country music. What was the reaction?

It was sold-out that night, and Kacey Musgraves and I had the longest lines to sign stuff, which I was very surprised about. Because as of late, every time we played in Nashville, it's been a half-full room. But they had billboards up and down the highways about me being on the Opry. And I went on there with my mom, and had Billy Don Burns come up and do a song, and then I did “Outlaw You.” They were screaming for it. They were loving it. There wasn't a negative response to it. Everybody knows what I'm tryin' to say.

Your manager thinks the Opry won't have you back.

I think they'll have me back, because I brought my mom on first, and they

was my hero. But the Waylon that they think they know is different. He's gone. And the music that he did was not accepted as country music when it was first coming out. And he got a lot of shit about it, with old guys telling him it was rock 'n' roll. But with me, when I go somewhere, they have a preconceived notion of me, and it's related to him. As I've gotten older, I've seen this over and over, so I really don't trust my fans. I trust my fans that liked *Black Ribbons* a lot, and I trust the fans I've gotten to know. But just recently on Facebook, I wrote a letter about my rapper nephew, who did an album that has a lot of Waylon stuff on it. I helped him with it. I'm very proud of him. He's in prison, and he's going to be out before too long, and he's doing really well, even though he's in prison. And he was like a brother to me. So I wrote a thing talking about him and two of my other nephews who I was proud of, and also about

was hoping for, and more. He's in the process of writing the script now.

I hear you want Johnny Depp to play your father.

Maybe. There's a masculinity with my dad that needs to be a natural thing. And I think in all these movies they get the brooding thing, but those guys were goofy, Johnny Cash and my dad. Whoever plays him has to naturally have that masculinity, and he's got to be intimidating and yet so charming, you know? He has to be able to let loose, and just be cool. I think Johnny Depp is an amazing actor, and he could probably knock this out of the park, but I'm not 100 percent convinced. It would be worth a shot to see it.

You don't want to act in it, even after playing your father in *Walk the Line*?

No, I don't want to act. That's not my thing. But behind the scenes—film



give her a lot of respect, and she's the real deal. And also, I'll tell you another thing: That day an article came out, and for the first time, I had started saying how it was. My point was, the insincerity of pop music is unacceptable, and it's unlistenable. And so this came out in *The Tennessean* that day, and all the old motherfuckers—with all due respect to the great artists that perform on the Opry—came up to me and said, “That's how I feel.” And that meant a lot, because I was just like, “Fuck it.” And that's how I'd been: “Fuck you, and fuck them.”

Meaning?

I have a very conflicted relationship with my fans. Half of them don't know me, but think they do and want to argue with me about what I should be doing. And those are generally the ones who are the die-hard Waylon [fans]. Look, I love my dad, man. He


this Daft Punk record and how much it affected me. This one guy wrote, basically, “As a big fan of Shooter's, hearing him talk about a rapper, even if he is related, and about electronic music, concerns me. He should stick to what he knows. That's where he belongs.” And if you say that kind of thing, man, you don't know me at all.

You're going to be producing a biopic of your dad, and supervising the music for it, too, right?

Yes. I'm excited about it. I've been very protective over that. People have tried to come in and start having meetings about it, and I said, “No, that's my thing.” Because I want it to be cool. And I finally found a producer, someone who came through a family friend. Ultimately, she brought a writer. I had an idea, and this writer and I riffed, and he came up with a concept that was just brilliant and matched what I was thinking. It's exactly what I

directing, writing scripts, editing—I'm into all of that, way above touring. That's my favorite thing: being in the studio, making new things, working on creative projects, creating something out of nothing.

Your manager says, “As a person, he's completely nuts.” Of course, he meant that in an affectionate way. But here's the question: How nuts are you?

How nuts? [Laughs] I think I'm pretty nuts. But I don't want to flounder around trying to tour 250 dates a year, have a record, balance seeing my kids, and be home with my wife. I want to make records that have an impact on people, and I want to do visual counterparts of those. I want to operate on a different level than I'm operating on, and it's not because I want to be famous or rich. It's because if I'm aiming high enough, a lot more people can see that ball of light. 

Dead Sexy

There are too many titillating moments in horror films to come up with a complete, definitive list of the sexiest scenes. But at this very moment, these are our favorite frissons in fear flicks.



Hammer Films' Karnstein Trilogy. (1970-71) This series of films based on J. Sheridan Le Fanu's 1872 novella *Carmilla* is seductive and surprisingly explicit. *The Vampire Lovers*, *Lust for a Vampire*, and *Twins of Evil* are all campy, gothic thrillers worth watching.



Vampyros Lesbos. (1971, Jess Franco) An art-house sexploitation classic. The title says it all, really. Sylphlike Soledad Miranda strips and sunbathes in the nude in this story of supernatural sapphic seduction set to a swingin' psychedelic soundtrack.



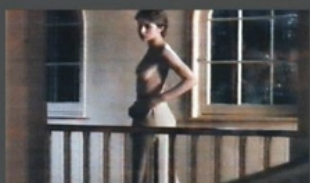
Don't Look Now. (1973, Nicolas Roeg) The sex in this creepy thriller is so hot it almost didn't get past the censors. Rumors persist to this day that Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie were actually fucking in this passionate romp. We believe it.



David Cronenberg's entire body of work. (1975-) The master of "body horror" has so many sexually intense flicks we couldn't choose. Some of our favorites are *Shivers*, *Rabid*, *Videodrome*, *Dead Ringers*, and *Crash*. But trust us, just watch all his stuff.



The Howling. (1981, Joe Dante) Animalistic werewolf sex at its hottest. Bill (Christopher Stone) and Marsha (Elisabeth Brooks) get it on outdoors by a campfire, and during their hot sex scene they both transform into howling wolves.



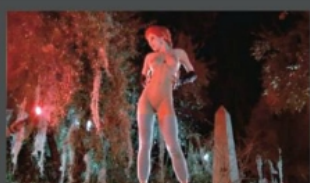
Cat People. (1982, Paul Schrader) This were-panther fantasy is drenched in nudity and sex. The sleek and lithe Irena (Natassja Kinski) and her kitty-kin shape-shift into glossy black cats when their sexual passions are awakened. Which is often.



The Hunger. (1983, Tony Scott) Vampires Miriam (Catherine Deneuve) and John (David Bowie) pick up a punky girl (Ann Magnuson) in a club while Bauhaus plays. Later, Miriam and Sarah (Susan Sarandon) enact one of the most lauded girl-girl scenes in film history.



Re-Animator. (1985, Stuart Gordon) This gives a new meaning to the term "head" as a decapitated corpse (David Gale) dangles its own revived noggin between the legs of the luscious, naked, and bound Megan (Barbara Crampton).



Return of the Living Dead. (1985, Dan O'Bannon) Punk rocker Trash (Linnea Quigley) naked and gyrating on top of a crypt burned itself indelibly into the brain of anyone who saw it. Her body is so perfect that it's a shame it was sacrificed to hungry zombies shortly afterward.



The Lair of the White Worm. (1988, Ken Russell) There's so much to love. Lady Sylvia Marsh (Amanda Donohoe) in lingerie and thigh-high boots; the tanning-bed scene; the dream sequence in which she's nude in blue body paint, surrounded by naked nuns



Bram Stoker's Dracula. (1992, Francis Ford Coppola) Jonathan Harker (Keanu Reeves) meets three topless vampire brides, including Monica Bellucci. They caress, seduce, and drain the fluids of the ensorcelled Harker, sort of, but not really, against his will.



Innocent Blood. (1992, John Landis) French vampire Marie (Anne Parillaud) wants her lover to trust that she won't bite him if he'll agree to fuck her, so she lets him cuff her hands behind her back, and then assumes the position, submitting to him in the nude.



Cemetery Man. (1994, Michele Soavi) A cemetery caretaker (Rupert Everett) seduces the "most beautiful living woman" he has ever seen (Anna Falchi), and has sex with her on her husband's fresh grave. Falchi's tremendous tits are the stars of the film.



From Dusk Til Dawn. (1996, Robert Rodriguez) Vampire Santanico Pandemonium (Salma Hayek) performs an erotic dance with a python, pours booze down her leg so Richie Gecko (Quentin Tarantino) can suck it off her foot, then spits more liquor into his mouth.

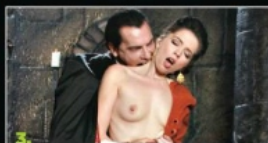


Dagon. (2001, Stuart Gordon) Hentai fans, take note. In addition to a beautiful naked blonde in bondage (Raquel Moróño), this one features a topless makeout scene with a luminous goddess who has tentacles for legs (Macarena Gómez).



The Cabin in the Woods. (2012, Drew Goddard) It doesn't sound like it would be hot in the slightest, but young, blonde Anna Hutchison making out with a taxidermied wolf's head is so steamy it grinds this flick to a halt.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (KARNSTEIN TRILOGY) PHOTOS12/ALAMY, (DON'T LOOK NOW) AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, (CRONENBERG) MARY EVANS/EVERETT COLLECTION, (THE HOWLING) AVCO EMBASSY/EVERETT COLLECTION, (CAT PEOPLE) UNIVERSAL/EVERETT COLLECTION, (THE HUNGER) MGM/EVERETT COLLECTION, (THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM) EVERETT COLLECTION, (BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA) MARY EVANS/EVERETT COLLECTION, (INNOCENT BLOOD) AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, (CEMETERY MAN) EVERETT COLLECTION



Scary Funny

If the sex scenes from the fright flicks we picked aren't explicit enough for your taste, give these pornographic horror homages a try. They're sure to have your Halloween date holding you closer.

1. *This Ain't the Munsters XXX*. (2008, Anton Slayer) So many of us grew up with a crush on the gorgeous Lily Munster. Now you can revisit that fantasy with Roxy DeVille as Lily and Penthouse Pet Shawna Leneé playing "normal" cousin Marilyn. In this, Herman (Lee Stone) is trying to get a larger schlong attached as an anniversary gift for Lily. The sets, script, and humor do a great job capturing the aesthetic of the original show, and you can toggle the settings to view in black-and-white.

2. *Saw: A Hardcore Parody*. (2010, Dick Chibbles) This one is not a campy winkfest. This is a surprisingly grim and creepy tribute to the tortureporn series, complete with sadistic, deadly puzzle machines and the kidnapping and punishing of porn stars for their participation in the adult industry. Most of the characters get killed in this, including poor Lexi Belle and Asa Akira, but Final Girl Amber Rayne survives to recount her torture. Surprise scene with legend Ginger Lynn!

3. *This Ain't Dracula XXX*. (2011, Axel Braun) This adheres more closely to Bram Stoker's story than a lot of other Dracula movies we've seen, and is full of kinky, spooky scenes. The weirdest one stars porn legend Tom Byron as the Count's assistant Renfield, imprisoned in an asylum. He has sanitarium sex with his hot nurse (Krissy Lynn) while he's bound in a straitjacket and muttering and babbling incoherently.

4. *Rocki Whore Picture Show*. (2011, Brad Armstrong) Is it bad that we think this is better than the original? Mac Turner as Frank n Beans is so good you forget you're not watching Tim Curry. In this version the ultimate sex partner he creates, Rocki, is leggy knockout Puma Swede. The script and songs are delivered with such an intelligent wink—*Rocky Horror* devotees will appreciate the in-jokes about toast and TP—that you'll be tempted not to skip ahead to the sex. There's plenty, though, including a finale orgy to rival even *Caligula*. You may find yourself yelling stuff at the screen besides "Say it!"

5. *Fuckenstein*. (2012, Joanna Angel) This can be watched in color or black-and-white, for that authentic Universal Monsters feel. The scientist (James Deen) builds the monster (Ramon Nomar) just so his wife (Angel) can experience double penetration. At one point while she is enjoying the monster on the laboratory slab, his left leg falls off at the seam and she has to climb off him to reattach it.

6. *Evil Head*. (2012, Doug Sakmann) This references and pays tribute to all three of the original *Evil Dead* films, even down to the laughing taxidermy deer in the cabin. Watch Ash (Tommy Pistol) have a ghastly foursome with three Deadite revenants (Joanna Angel, Veruca James, and Dana DeArmond), fresh out of their graves. It even features the infamous tree scene, although this time it's a consensual bark-y gang bang. A fun bonus is that the professor's voice on the reel-to-reel is that of Troma's Lloyd Kaufman.

7. *This Ain't Jaws XXX*. (2012, Stuart Canterbury) This isn't the most impressive parody porn out there, but it makes the list for being the only one we've seen to feature shark attacks. Penthouse Pet Alexis Ford is entrancing as shark expert Dr. Hooper (who gets to deliver the inevitable line "we're gonna need a bigger dick"), and Evan Stone made us laugh the whole way through with his commitment to portraying crusty old salt Quint. And ... it's a porno with a shark in it!

Monster Toys

To enhance your experience while enjoying sex scenes in horror movies, or horror scenes in sex movies, try these toys with your date.



Divine Interventions.

These well-made, hand-crafted, and customizable toys revel in the blasphemous. The darkly inclined should check out the Grim Reaper and the Devil dildos. Combine with Holy Water Lube to take your irreverence to the limit. Divine-Interventions.com



Bad Dragon has been

"making fantasies real" since 2008. These high-quality and visually arresting dildos and sheaths can be custom-made with color, size, and firmness preferences, and some have the ability to ejaculate Cum Lube, which is supposed to replicate "real" dragon jizz, but can also be used simply as lube. Our favorite models are the Tentacle, the Dragon's Tongue, and David the Werewolf. Bad-Dragon.com



Ghost b.c.'s Phallos

Mortuus Ritual Box Set. Ghost b.c. is a ritual-driven doom-metal band that refer to themselves as "nameless ghouls" and perform wearing black hooded robes. They sell the usual hoodies and key rings, but also offer this limited-edition toy box that, in addition to the dildo modeled after a band member (heh ... pun intended) and a bronzelike butt plug, contains divorce papers. <http://Shop.Ghost-Official.com>



Fleshlight Freaks.

The famous masturbation-sheath makers have outdone themselves for Halloween. Choose from the Zombie, Alien, Frankenstein, Drac, or Cyborg models. They have coordinating dildos, so you and your partner can play with a matched set, while watching the appropriate porno. Fleshlight.com/Freaks



Death by Orgasm.

This line of bullet vibes is packaged in cute metal coffins. Red for vampire, green for zombie, and one with a jelly sleeve shaped like a scary scorpion with "ribs, ridges, nodules, and points to enjoy." According to the company, their toys are waterproof for use in the bath, shower, hot tub, or mortuary. They also offer a Black Widow jelly sleeve/bullet vibe combo. LoveHoney.com



[pet of the month]



cowgirl style

Kortney Kane is a popular porn star, but she also has a radiology degree and describes herself as an entrepreneur. For the time being, the former gymnast is planning to enjoy her new Penthouse Pet status. "I've always wanted to model for *Penthouse*," she says. "It's a top company. And this shoot was great because I got to ride a horse and feed him carrots. He was the best costar I could have asked for."

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi







"I love to vacation anywhere warm with a beach.
Lying out in the sun takes all my worries away.
But if I could go anywhere, I'd travel all over Europe:
London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, the Greek islands....
I can't pick just one place to go!"







"I just started working with a personal trainer. He keeps me motivated and kicks my ass at the gym. Surprisingly, I like it."





“My favorite sexual fantasy is anything where the guy takes control of me, throws me around a little, and chokes or spansks me. I love the tingly feeling that courses through my body at the idea of a man taking control like that.”







✦ KORTNEY KANE
OCTOBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP



KORTNEY KANE
OCTOBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ If a guy in his thirties is losing his libido, is it wrong for the girl to pleasure herself, and does the guy have the right to be upset with her? Just curious.

Listen, even if the guy is 18 and wants to fuck all the time, you have the right to do whatever you want with your own body! It's almost upsetting that you think you even have to ask. The answer is, No, he does not have the right to be upset about it. Your body is your body and you do not owe anyone an explanation for what you choose to do with it. You should be in a relationship with someone who is comfortable enough with himself to encourage you to explore your sexuality, not hinder your experiences. Frankly, I enjoy it when my partner takes charge a little and tells me what she wants or likes. I say, have at it. In fact, try pleasuring yourself during penetration. I hear it's the new black.

■ Would it be pretentious or rude of me to ask my sex partner to pay for the costumes and lingerie he wants me to wear for him? Also, do you think asking him this question, even if he agrees to pay, would kill the spontaneity that suggestive clothing and roleplaying seem to bring to the bedroom?

First thing you need to do is look up the definition of pretentious. Got it? Okay, moving on.

I'd say that if your partner wants you to dress up as a furry little bunny rabbit or a small Vietnamese boy



[hottips]

from a war-torn village, then by all means he should pay for it. I can tell you that I pay for all the costuming at my place. As for lingerie, why not be spontaneous and buy some on your own in addition to what he buys you? That way you still have the element of surprise once in a while when it comes time for the reveal.

■ Why are quickies sometimes the best sex?

Let's see. No dinner, no parking, no movie, no conversation, just a momentary passionate exchange of chemistry, lust, endorphins, and pheromones crammed into a heightened state of physicality. All the time in the day available to work, play, watch TV, and/or see friends and family, knowing that you just had the hottest half hour of your life. God, I have no idea why quickies are sometimes the best sex.

■ In polyamorous relationships, how do you go about introducing your date to your lifestyle when you have a girlfriend or boyfriend?

Well, I would explain my lifestyle prior to going out on the date. That would certainly make things easier and, frankly, more fair for your date. I know it seems awkward to start off that way, but it's going to be awkward at some point. Might as well allow

the date to decide if he or she even wants to engage. You can be vague. Use terms like "open relationship" and "free-spirited." If a girl said those things to me, I'd be psyched! But that's me. Some people are looking for something different, and you have to be honest from the start about your stance on the matter.

■ Are you ever too old for sexual experimentation?

I'd say yes and no. I mean, a colostomy bag could be problematic in certain positions, yet removing one's dentures could result in a slice of heaven!

■ Why are we attracted to the wrong types of people?

Probably for the same reason we love sugar, coffee, smoking, alcohol, drugs, motorcycles, dairy, red meat, and anything and everything else we've been warned about in our lives. Personally, I'm attracted to a challenge. Safe and easy and boring don't really get my heart pumping and my blood flowing. Perhaps it's the same way for others, although I have to assume, as I cannot speak for everyone. I think that when there is an added risk of emotional danger or rejection, the perceived payoff is greater. I say perceived, as the payoff isn't always what we might have hoped for.

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.



KORTNEY KANE
 OCTOBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



What's hot:
 34D-24-35, 5'5"
 35 years old
Where are you from?
 South Carolina
What are your favorite things about NY?
 The food, the fashion, and the energy
What's the best thing you've ever done?
 If you could be anywhere in the world, where would it be?
 Rome, Italy, because it's gorgeous and historic
Favorite body:
 Her legs, waist, and thighs
Favorite drink:
 Coffee
Favorite kind of music:
 Almost everything... except country
What kind of music gets you in the mood?
 R&B
Favorite movie:
 Fast Five
Favorite TV show:
 The Bachelor
Favorite food:
 The food from Italy, especially any of the Italian wine ones
Favorite music:
 Justin Bieber, J. Cole, Justin Bieber
Describe your ideal date:
 Good food, good wine, and good chemistry. Those three things go along very well
How do you feel a man should present himself?
 I don't care, but he should be a good person
What gets you excited?
 When my partner shows his excitement for me
What gets you in trouble?
 My lack of sleep, my diet, and my stress
Your most desired:
 My love life is a J.J. Martin

SEE MORE OF KORTNEY AT BENTHUS.COM



Learn the hows and whys of spanking with this excerpt from Fifty Shades of Pleasure: A Bedside Companion, which is all about sex secrets that hurt so good.

By Marisa Bennett • Illustrations by Robert Ullman

Before there were sex playrooms, before there were dildos, and before there were floggers, even, there was an open palm. Spanking is the very first step into the painfully hot side of your sexy rendezvous, with a little something for everyone. While there's no question why the sweet sides of sex keep hot-blooded bodies coming back for more, it's harder to imagine why a good wallop would have the same effect. As it turns out, your body releases chemicals, like endorphins and adrenaline, when triggered by strenuous activity, stimulation, and even pain—a trifecta that is abundant during sex. So when your partner's brimming lust gets hand-delivered,

the combination of your arousal and a little surge of pain can bring your romp, and eventual climax, to a whole new level. Beginning with baby steps (or maybe baby spans!), we show you the A to Zs of one of the most exciting and simple additions to your sexual repertoire.

THE BAREHANDED BENCHMARK

The Move

If you have never felt the tingle of a freshly spanked rump, it's best to start with the basics. No, not the flogger; we'll get there. First, start with what you were born with: your bare hands. Whether you want to be the spanker or the spankee, barehanded spanking is a way to tap into a lusty—even primal—side of sex. It can also be an

amazing way to connect with your partner mid-romp. While spanking can involve games of power play, in the throes of sex, spanking is more often than not a reaction—as our team of scientists likes to call it, the “OMG, you feel amazing, I just have to grab or hit something!” response. Whichever your fancy, doing it barehanded will inspire a new side of your sex life that is stingingly sweet. So warm up those palms or scoot up your bum, and let the spanking begin!

Making It Happen

With the beginning stages of spanking, you have to test the waters. As the spanker, if you're unsure if your



partner wants to try spanking with you and you fear “the talk,” try warming up with it the next time she’s on top. Caress or massage her ass a little, and when you’re feeling particularly enthralled, give her a swift—but not too swift—smack to the bum. Body language (or her screaming your name) should indicate whether you have the green light or a halting red stop sign.

Once you have the go-ahead, treat spanking like candy. If you have too little, you might be missing out on something sweet. If you have too much, you’ve spoiled an appetite and you might never be allowed back in the candy store again. Incorporate palm-to-cheek meetings when things are particularly fiery to send both your sexual trajectories soaring. Feel free to spank multiple times in a row with a slow, firm rhythm, either open-palmed or with your palm slightly cupped. This can occur with the spankee on top (the “reach-around,” if you will), or doggie-style, where you’ll have a better view of the bright-red handprint you’ll be making on your partner’s tush.

The subtle nuances of asking to be spanked aren’t much different from asking to spank. If you and your partner have good sexual chemistry, chances are that the risk of asking is worth the reward. Declaring “I want you to spank me” while out to dinner with the in-laws may not be the right time, but kissing your partner’s neck and whispering it in his ear while you’re on top in bed just might. If you’re uncomfortable with asking directly, move your partner’s hands to your hips during sex, and slowly bring them to cup or squeeze your ass. Go so far as to take your partner’s hands and do the smacking yourself. At that point, he or she should be able to infer that you’re saying, “Spank me, baby!”

PROPPING IT UP

The Move

After you and your partner have covered the basics of barehanded, it’s time for a prop. Using a prop while spanking will increase your ability to deliver a good thump, or intensify a spanking that you’re about to receive. With every good *thwap* to the ass you enjoy, more blood flows to the very sensitive nerve endings in the cheeks, which also means more blood flow and impact to the very sensitive



nerve endings located right next door. Incorporating props is an exciting way to liven up your sex life, not just because it’s something new, but also because it involves forethought. While spontaneous sex is nothing to scoff at, there’s something undeniably sexy about knowing your partner thinks about doing you so often that he or she went out and bought a toy.

Making It Happen

The props you and your partner use don’t necessarily need to have blockbuster production value. You can use household items like the time-honored classics, the hairbrush and the table-tennis paddle. Both of these items are easily wielded, and while they’ll certainly pack some punch, the spankee won’t necessarily fear sitting down for the next week. A table-

tennis paddle is usually encased in a thin layer of leather or rubber, which will end each blow with a slick smack. A hairbrush is more multifaceted. The flat side of the brush will deliver much the same impact as the paddle, while the bristled side (either hair or plastic with soft nubs) will add a prickly sensation to switch up the feel of each cheeky encounter.

If you’re looking for an excuse to buy your props, there are paddles available that will bring your spanking session anywhere from sweetly sensual all the way to nastily naughty. For the former effect, try using a fur-lined paddle. The fuzzy addition to a firm paddle softens the sting of spanking, and can also be used

Schoolgirl skirts are short for a reason; make good use of them! **Those pigtails aren't just for show, either.** Pull her by the reins and slap her ass to get her going.

to massage, caress, and seduce the spankee throughout its use. If you'd prefer something with ten times the zing, studded paddles are the take-no-prisoners approach to dishing out a good thumping. The studs create further pressure points to spike up the sexy mix of pleasure and pain. With these tools under your belt (you can use that, too!), your armory of sexilicious spankers is well on its way!

TEACH ME A LESSON The Move

That armory of spanking techniques must be accompanied by a bit of roleplaying. Whether one of you is dressing up as a leather-clad domatrix, a sexy cop, a dirty doctor, or a naughty [insert profession here], roleplaying gives an adrenaline shot to your sexcapades. The key to these games, of course, is doing the things you wouldn't do in everyday life, particularly if it has a pinch of spice and feels a little bit wrong. Sure, you might not normally go hiking, but roleplaying as two adoring lovers in a mountainside field of lilacs isn't what you're looking for to sexify your lust sessions (unless it involves ropes and carabiners). So be the bad girl or the naughty boy and go for the Oscar in your next performance.

Making It Happen

For simplicity's sake, let's pretend you and your partner want to live out the naughty-schoolgirl fantasy. It may sound overdone, but there's a reason why Britney Spears's "Baby One More Time" was so damn successful: It's hot. Not only is it super-sexy, but it's a low-maintenance and low-cost way to get your and your partner's blood pumping.

First, pick out the wardrobe. Shopping online for schoolgirl skirts is a sure thing; otherwise, try secondhand or your local naughty gift shop. Once she has a costume, you're nearly ready for that after-school special. Pair the skirt with a tightly fitting button-up blouse, T-shirt, or cardigan, a pair of knee socks, and high heels—preferably Mary Janes, if she has them. Add some pigtails or French braids, and you've got one sexy schoolgirl on your hands.

Staying in character is one of the more important challenges of roleplaying. Saying "This is stupid" and "I feel silly" with stiff body language is the fastest way to get a big fat F on your exam. Confidence is sexy, so take control of your end of the bargain, whether it's the naughty schoolgirl or the professor she's staying after class with. Use dirty talk to get the scene playing out: Bite your lip as you tell your "professor" how badly you need to practice for your oral exams, or give your schoolgirl some corporal punishment for not handing in her homework on time. Making varsity never felt so good!

No schoolgirl scenario—or roleplaying scenario, for that matter—would be complete without a nice dose of spanking. The point is to be bad, so get your palms, ruler, or clipboard out to give some serious detention. Bend your schoolgirl over your knee to punish her for being too cheeky, asking her to count as you spank and to call you Sir. Schoolgirl skirts are short for a reason, so make good use of them! Pull her skirt up and use your thick dictionary to remind her why she's staying after class. Those pigtails aren't just for show, either. Whether you're the one pulling her hair or getting your hair pulled, a little animalistic aggression will get you everywhere in your dirty scene. Pigtails are a perfect hairdo for a from-behind ride, so pull her by the reins and slap her ass to get her going.

Step up your sexy performance: Buy additional props for spanking and branch out to different roles, even if it means that she's the whistling construction worker and he's the innocent passerby. Have fun with your wicked side and break the rules!

FLOG ME GENTLY The Move

Flogging takes prop use to the next level (or five). A typical flogger is a spanking device that has a handle (otherwise known as a pommel) with flowing tails attached, generally of the same length. These tails can be

made of leather, rubber, plastic, rope, horsehair, chain, or other fabrics, and can be used in a variety of ways throughout your mischievous spanking session. Floggers can be used to discipline your naughty partner, or to push your limits further than you ever thought you could go, and then some. This kind of erotic play is the ultimate destination for endorphin junkies. The more pain you take from your partner's flogger, the more you gain from that sweet release. From punishment and dominance play to flogging on a whim, this method of nasty pleasure makes even Catwoman purr.

Making It Happen

The flogger is most often used for "discipline" purposes, where the spankee lies facedown or leans over a chair, table, pillow, or even your very own spanking bench. The flogger can be administered with rapid flicks, which will bite steadily at the skin to get you and your partner hollering with excitement. For more sting to your swing, use a harder, slower pace, which will deliver a serious smack, as well as heighten anticipation before each impact. Before, after, or in between, lightly drag the tails of the flogger along your partner's ass or future flog-zone to tickle and taunt. This will provide relief in between blows, as well as get your partner all tingly with goose bumps for the next round.

Knowing which regions to target is extremely important. Generally speaking, the areas that scream "Flog me!" are the back of the thighs, the shoulders, and, of course, that booty. Unless you and your partner think a stint in the emergency room or a jail cell is superhot, it's important to stay away from the head, face, neck, spine, and soft tissue like the stomach, where all those important organs hang out. Flogging can be ultra-sexy, but it's important to use your toys safely.

Pardon the yuck, but keep your flogger clean! Flogging isn't for the faint of ... well, the faint, so if your sessions are especially intense, be prepared for welts and even broken skin or bleeding. Never use an unwashed



flogger for multiple partners, and when you do clean it after each use, use disinfectants like antibacterial soap, leather cleaner, and bleach, depending on the material of the flogger. When you have these bases covered, flog it out of the park.

THE POST-SPANKING POSTERIOR

The Move


With every good spanking, there needs to be equally good aftercare. Spanking play is to test your physical limits and invigorate your sexuality, to find new ways to bond with your partner, and, naturally, to arouse. The best spanking rendezvous shouldn't leave you or your partner trembling in a corner after you've finished. If you are setting out for a no-holds-barred approach to spanking and BDSM play, then the post-spanking massage is a must-do to come down from a painfully good spanking summit and to soothe those rosy cheeks.

Making It Happen

There's no doubt about it—spanking is an ass-kicking. Whether the red-

hot mark left on you or your partner's glutes is in the shape of a hand that meant business, the tip of a riding crop, or reads the word SLUT from a particularly naughty paddle you purchased, they're going to need some attention. Lay the spankee down on the bed, your lap, or another soft surface, and lightly caress along the back, then the thighs, and then slowly begin to massage the bare bum. If you still feel like roleplaying, tell the spankee he or she has done a good job and deserves the massage being given—anything negative is a dirty-talk don't. Rub massage oils or calming creams on areas that were given the most attention during the spanking. If you suspect there will be bruising (or can already see it), the massage will reduce soreness and increase circulation. Aftercare isn't just about the physical strain of spanking; it's also emotionally important. If your spanking exploits are particularly rough, the spankee may need a little extra affection and reminders of self-worth. Any games of power play and possible degradation need to be cut as soon as you've finished so there is no emotional confusion.

When choosing massage oils and creams, it is important to know

what you're looking for. If you want to go all-natural, essential oils like eucalyptus will be a wake-up for the skin, whereas jasmine and lavender will be more calming. If purchased in pure form, these oils need to be diluted with other base oils like almond or sesame, because large doses can be toxic and even lethal (read the labels!). To skip the worry, just buy scented massage oils in your local bath shop. Choose scents that won't overwhelm, and avoid oils and creams that contain alcohol, because they'll sting—and not in a sexy way. Some of the best rubdown elixirs are those with aloe vera, shea butter, vitamin E, and warming massage oils. The warming sensation will soothe the skin and help both you and your partner relax after all that hard work. With any luck, your massage will be so soothing and sensual that you might be in for a happy ending! 



Excerpted from *Fifty Shades of Pleasure*, by Marisa Bennett. Reprinted by permission of Skyhorse Publishing, Inc.

Make Your Mark

While your bare hand will certainly get the job done, the right implement can result in the perfect punishment.

By Jennifer Peters



PADDLE PLAY

■ IMPRESSIONS PADDLES Sportsheets

These high-quality leather slappers will deliver a solid smack to the spankee's behind and bring a big smile to the spanker's face. They're carved with designs and words—including LOVE, SLUT, BITCH, and OUCH—that will show up on your girl's reddened ass.



■ FURRY HEART PADDLE Fetish Fantasy

For a softer spanking, this faux-fur-lined paddle is ideal. It provides the spanker with the opportunity to indulge in a full swing, but the fur lessens the blow—without diminishing the pleasure the spankee receives.

FLOGGING A LIVE DATE



■ SENSUA SUEDE WHIP Lelo

If you're new to flogging, suede is the way to go. The soft, supple hide has a more sensual feel than harder leather, so even a first-time submissive will experience nothing but pleasure from each stroke. Plus, the suede tails can be used to tickle and tease, with or without her being all tied up.



■ ROPE FLOGGER Sportsheets

Once you get the hang of flogging, you can try less forgiving implements, like this rope-tailed toy. The thick braids provide a rough sensation, both when you tease her and when you whip her, perfect for someone who wants more pain mixed with the pleasure.

TAKE HER TOP OFF



■ INTERCHANGEABLE CROP TOP Sportsheets

No spanking collection is complete without a good riding crop, and you can't go wrong with this interchangeable system. The crop comes with the traditional tongue attached, but that can be replaced by a number of leather slappers, from a narrow loop to a heart to a miniature hand. The tops stay securely in place through a firm spanking, so you can be as rough or as gentle as you like.



These toys, and many others, are available at PenthouseStore.com.



day glows

Twenty-five-year-old L.A. native Sierra Day has breathtaking 37-26-36 curves, a gorgeous face, and a sparkling personality. But it's that devilish glint in her eyes that most intrigues us. There's just something supersexy about a pretty girl who's into getting so down and dirty.

Photographs by Christopher Love









"My favorite fantasy? I love girls! I consider myself straight, but when I masturbate I think about a girl going down on me."

"The most exciting place I've ever made love was in a penthouse apartment in downtown L.A. I was pressed up against the window and everything. So hot!"







"But the most amazing sex ever was a threesome with my best friend and my dream guy. I'd fantasized about fondling him forever, and I got to do so much more to him than fondling!"



"I'm always up for fun with my twin sister, our family, and friends. I especially love hiking, and pretty much any other outdoor activity."

SEE MORE OF SIERRA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





SHOW US YOUR BOOKS!

INSIDE THE SMART & SEXY WORLD OF

NERDL

From sci-fi movies to cartoon ponies to cult TV to best-selling books, every element of pop culture gets a sexy, subversive (but adoring) makeover.

By the Lady Aye

Sailor St. Claire

ESQUE

In cabarets, clubs, and comic-book conventions across the country on any given night, it's geeks gone wild. Women from all walks of life step out onstage and sensually strip away the layers to reveal what they consider to be their most erogenous zone—their brains. This is burlesque's geeky sister; this is nerdlesque.

But before we get to the naked truth, in the interest of scholarship, let's define some terms: "Nerds" in this context are those who are some combination of socially awkward, tech-savvy, and passionately dedicated to the study of esoteric pop culture; while "burlesque" is historically defined as entertainment that includes comedy of manners and the art of striptease. Put them together in the supercollider of the burlesque revival and you have "nerdlesque." The result is evenings that explore everything from sci-fi to Shakespeare, with a maximum of intelligent humor and a minimum of clothing.

If you're thinking of Dita Von Teese's retro, rhinestoned striptease in horn-rimmed glasses, think again—glamour takes a backseat to cleverness and there are more lightsabers than long satin gloves. This subgenre of the burlesque revival is also a do-it-yourself affair, with costumes ranging in price and complexity from items culled from performers' own closets to full-scale, laser-shooting robotics. And nothing is off-limits in terms of source material; it's open season on everything and everyone from Captain Kirk to Dr. Who. Also, with women in the captain's chair, pop culture is no longer the exclusive domain of the "fanboy"; nerdlesque is giving "fangirls" a whole new way to let their geek flags fly. According to performer and "rogue" feminist scholar Lydia Ransom, nerdlesque is especially uplifting for female enthusiasts of all types, since "it gives them a chance to connect their bodies with their geekery, and I think that's powerful."

A Wallflower Blossoms

Offstage, Lil Miss Lixx is a lithe blonde with a Kewpie-doll face; onstage she's pure nerd: clumsy, bookish, and way behind the cool kids. In her homage to awkwardness, she stumbles into the spotlight with her copy of *Hip-hop for Dummies* and attempts to bust a few ill-fated moves. The results are comical, and the clothes come off piece by piece as she valiantly tries to get her dance on (stopping only briefly to take a bump of glue and a hit off her inhaler), and audiences love it. For Lil Miss Lixx, who was voted "Hottest Freshman" at the 2009 New York Burlesque Festival, nerdlesque is less about re-creating her favorite movies or comic books and more about having a laugh at her own foibles as a performer. Growing up near Baltimore, the former "mathlete" trained as a dancer, and found the method she was most drawn to was

not necessarily the one she was most suited to. "I took ballet, jazz, modern, tap, and hip-hop growing up," she says. "I loved hip-hop classes ... but something about a five-foot-nine, blonde white girl doing hip-hop looks a little funny."

Her burlesque background also took a different tack from the traditional feather boas and satin gloves. Starting out in New York City's vibrant performance scene, she says comedy rather than pure sex appeal became her goal as a performer. "For me, when I saw shows, I responded to the person who made me crack up laughing," she says. "[I loved] the person who did something superobscure or nontraditionally sexy, and made it sexy through rhinestone pasties and G-strings." Her own gawky moments became the inspiration for her "most requested act," one that balances the cheekiness of ruffled panties with the ridiculousness of a rhinestone-embellished asthma inhaler. So what

if she sniffs glue and is a dancing fool? It's all in good fun, and audiences can see a little bit of themselves (and a whole lot of her) in her "spazzy" striptease.

Bringing the Go-Go to Gadgets

Lola Martinet may be the stripper of the future. The San Francisco-based peeler has used her engineering background to invent costumes that will make the classic burlesque skill of tassel-twirling easier, faster, and more efficient for generations to come. Her signature act, which she has lovingly dubbed the "Stripmaster 9000," features a surprise ending that brings together technology and tease in a revolutionary way. Bopping along to some retro-futuristic eighties pop favorites, she begins her signature piece with her own charming rendition of the robot dance, peels away her party dress, and finally reveals a pair of

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC PAUL OWENS/OHIO BURLESQUE

Sailor St. Claire

The performances are about much more than the source material; they're about the fun and folly of being an obsessive fan.

remote-controlled tassels that spin themselves at the touch of a button. "The funny bit ... is that they spin so fast it makes my boobs jiggle a bit, which is fun and hot, and obviously accentuates my chest."

Unsurprisingly, audiences go wild for the high-tech spectacular and sometimes even get in on the act. Since the pasties are controlled by a helper backstage, Martinet merely has to point in the direction she'd like to twirl and her assistant makes it happen with a repurposed garage-door opener. The occasional bit of audience participation, when a lucky person is selected to control the remote, has made the act a hit with birthday and bachelorette parties, and has even gotten her booked at a wedding, where, as she recalls, "the bride was so excited to get the remote."

Although high-tech and forward-looking, Martinet eschews the phrase "nerdlesque," preferring to think of her work as just another facet of burlesque's long history of dazzling performance. She asserts that her electronics-enhanced accessories started out a number of years ago, before the term "nerdlesque" was even coined, as an engineering-based solution to the "problems"

she saw with traditional burlesque costuming. It wasn't until the past few years, as the trend for geeky striptease took off, that burlesque producers began applying it to her acts. Still, no matter what you call it, Martinet is happy to entertain and innovate, explaining, "I like having a conversation with the audience and taking something that is common and turning it on its side."

Fans Dancing

By far the most popular aspect of the nerdlesque scene are the shows specifically dedicated to fandom, with specific troupes and events popping up all over North America. Not simply casual viewers of their favorite shows, these are the convention-going, fan-fic-reading, mint-in-box-collectible fanatics. From sci-fi movies to cartoon ponies to cult TV to best-selling books, every element of pop culture gets a sexy, subversive (but adoring) makeover. When done right, the performances are about so much more than the source material; they're about the fun and folly of being an obsessive fan. According to Seattle writer, performer, and "Professor of Nerdlesque" Jo Jo Stiletto, that's what is at the heart of every act for

both artists and audiences. She explains, "What nerdlesque is doing is what burlesque has always done, which is saying, 'This thing that you're obsessed [with], this thing that you love—you can turn that into art on the burlesque stage.'"

The performers are, after all, fans themselves, so it makes sense that they'd use the framework of nerdlesque as an opportunity to live out their fantasies onstage. For example, Sailor St. Claire, a PhD candidate in English, turned her love of detective fiction into a literal and literary transformation in one of her acts (above), which takes her from bookworm to femme fatale and back again as she teasingly peels away black stockings, shimmying out of lingerie, and gives the audience tantalizing peeps of her body with an old-school fan dance. Her twist as a reader is to replace the classic ostrich-feather fans with ones crafted from pulp-fiction paperbacks. The porcelain-skinned redhead thinks that a shared passion for pop culture really comes through to the typically coed crowd and has them coming back for more. "I think they really have a built-in connection with that particular subgenre of burlesque," she says, "and part of its charm ... comes from that built-in audience connection."

Whether it's *Hobbits* or video-games, this interpretation of the art of the tease adds an extra level of excitement by finding an entirely new

way of enjoying old favorites, as well as revealing the body. Despite the serious level of passion and scholarship, this playful combination of pop culture and nudity is, of course, all about having fun. Toronto-based stripper and burlesque academic Loretta Jean explains how even the most straitlaced of heroes can stand a good-natured kick in the pants. "I feel like there's a lot of characters that you can do that with, that you can kind of lampoon their sexuality in a way that's both positive to the character and reinforcing things that are already in the character." As the driving force behind the work of most nerdlesquers, this combination of sexy and sassy makes these artists some of the superheroes of the stripping world—even when they drop their capes or shimmy out of their utility belts.

Lift & Support: the Audiences

These performing fans themselves, of course, have their own loyal followings, with pop-culture geeks and burlesque devotees flocking to their shows, all of which creates a loving vortex of fandom-on-fandom that results in a fun, supportive, adults-only atmosphere. For a lot of guys who spent hours poring over every issue of their favorite comics and hunting down the rarest action figures, seeing a sexy version of their heroes in the flesh is nothing short of a dream come true. New York City burlesque-scene superfan Tony Guarisco admits he's a "huge geek," and says his favorite aspect of the tease may be "seeing performers bring characters I like to life," although the nudity doesn't hurt.

Men, however, aren't the only

ones watching. The audience for nerdlesque is every bit as diverse as the performers and the subjects they cover; since these affairs are produced in theaters and bars, and generally by women, the crowd tends to be more coed than your average strip club. Women are not only welcomed, but encouraged, to join in the good-natured hooting and hollering as the costumes come off. In New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago, theme shows have become a hot ticket for everything from couples' date nights to bachelorette parties to anyone looking for a spicy change of pace from the usual dinner and movie. So whether you're a vampire slayer or a steampunk or just a casual moviegoer, there's probably a nerdlesque show out there that will let you see your favorite comic-book character, robot, or high school valedictorian in a whole new way. 



Lil Miss Lixx



Lil Miss Lixx



Why would a grown man lie on the floor wrapped in a carpet and invite people to step on him? We got some answers, straight from the horse's mouth.

"People are usually very surprised and shocked to see me," says the Human Carpet, aka Georgio, a 52-year-old man who is lying on the floor, completely wrapped inside a large roll of carpet, speaking from a rectangular hole cut into the rug's patterned tapestry. "They either love it or hate it.

I go to the bar, where people typically walk and dance on me."

The Human Carpet has been a fixture in New York City's party/fetish scene for 15 years. His modus operandi is simple: Georgio takes up his position after posting a sign that reads STEP ON CARPET.

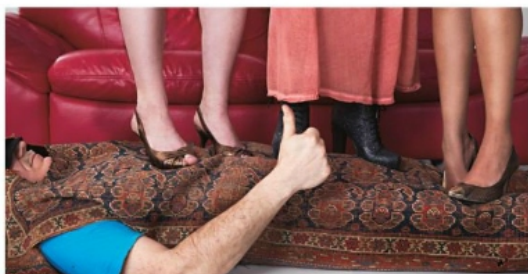


By Harmon Leon • Illustrations by Jon Proctor

Succumbing to his beckoning, the curious dance, step, hop, and/or stand on the man rolled up inside the rug. This makes the Human Carpet happy—very, very happy.

"The reactions are a very wide mixture, but there's always shock and awe," explains the soft-spoken Georgio, who is originally from Malta.

"People are always shocked to see somebody dressed in carpet on the floor with people walking and dancing on him." Georgio claims it's easy to spot people who dislike the idea. "They look at me and turn away," he says. "They just stay away. They have a distaste for it. It's not for them." He adds, "But most of them come back and step on me at a later



time—after a drink or two.”

How did this seemingly non-descript man, who works by day as a massage therapist in Connecticut, make the transition from being plain, ordinary Georgio to being Georgio the Human Carpet? He tells us, “The human-carpet drive in me is something I grew up with and that I’ve done at private events with friends since I was very young.” When playing childhood games, Georgio would always volunteer to be a carpet. Then about 15 years ago, he says, “I started turning performance art into a public event, and it took off really nicely.”

Georgio once had a 410-pound man stand on top of him, and fondly recalls one female fan who danced on him for a good three hours straight. “It was really a lot of fun for her,” he says. “I could tell. She just couldn’t stop dancing on me.”

Occupational hazards include sharp heels digging into his chest or crotch and someone in stilettos standing on his face. (“It’s okay as long as they don’t dig too hard or stay too long,” he tells us.) Still, that’s the price the Human Carpet pays for his art. But what enjoyment does Georgio get out of his chosen lifestyle?

“Pain is of course part of it,” he admits. “Most of the time it’s pressure. And I *like* pressure! That’s part of why I am in the carpet; I like pressure and

I like challenging myself to push the limits.” He adds, “The thrill I get is an energy rush, and I enjoy how people react. If it’s somebody who looks gorgeous, so much the better. But I’m having a great time anyway.”

Georgio claims that being a human carpet isn’t for sexual-fetish purposes, that he just finds it an amusing, enjoyable pastime. (He does admit to videotaping his escapades for “personal use”; draw your own conclusion.) Regardless, he says he does find it titillating when pairs of attractive women start kissing while they’re standing on him, saying, “If



Georgio got lucky at this photo shoot. The women atop him usually keep their clothes on.

Georgio claims being a human carpet isn't for sexual-fetish purposes, but does admit to videotaping his escapades for personal use. Draw your own conclusion.

that doesn't turn me on, I don't know what would."

You're probably chuckling at the idea of anyone being a human carpet, but since Georgio has gone pro, there is a high demand for his services at parties. "Typically, I do three to four events per week," he says. "A busy week is when I do events every day—and some weeks I have two events a day." Not bad, given his standard rate is \$200 plus tips.

Such celebrities as Lady Gaga have stood on the Human Carpet, but it's not all boldfaced-name stars and sexy girls tongue-kissing. At some events he performs (read: lies there) for up to 12 hours, with only one break. "I prepare myself mentally," he

says. "I go into a state of meditation sometimes. Or I just have fun with peoples' reactions. That gets me through the time. The reactions are as varied as the individuals themselves, which is a huge part of the fun and a big part of what keeps me in the carpet for such a long time."

You might think Georgio is one of a kind, but the Big Apple is a city that can support two human carpets. (There's rumored to be a third in California.) Georgio's main competitor, the rug-rolled Coke to his carpeted Pepsi, is a man who goes

by Kevin Carpet. Georgio says, "The other human carpet does basically the same thing, but he crawls into the roll. He doesn't have a hole for his face. All you see is a roll of carpet; he's totally hidden inside it."

But are the two friends?

"I've done a few events with him. It was apparently a lot of fun for people to jump back and forth between the two carpets."

Georgio's dream is to break his standing-on-him benchmark: "My record is 12 girls standing on me at once. They were kind of squished together, trying to fit." His strategy to topple his personal best is simple: "If I put my arms out, I could handle more people on me. It would be great to beat that record."

With 15 years of public performances under his belt, what's his take-home philosophy? "Enjoy what comes my way, because I have very little control inside the carpet," he says. "Just enjoy the moment and try to set myself up in a way that's inviting and pleasant for people to walk on the carpet." 





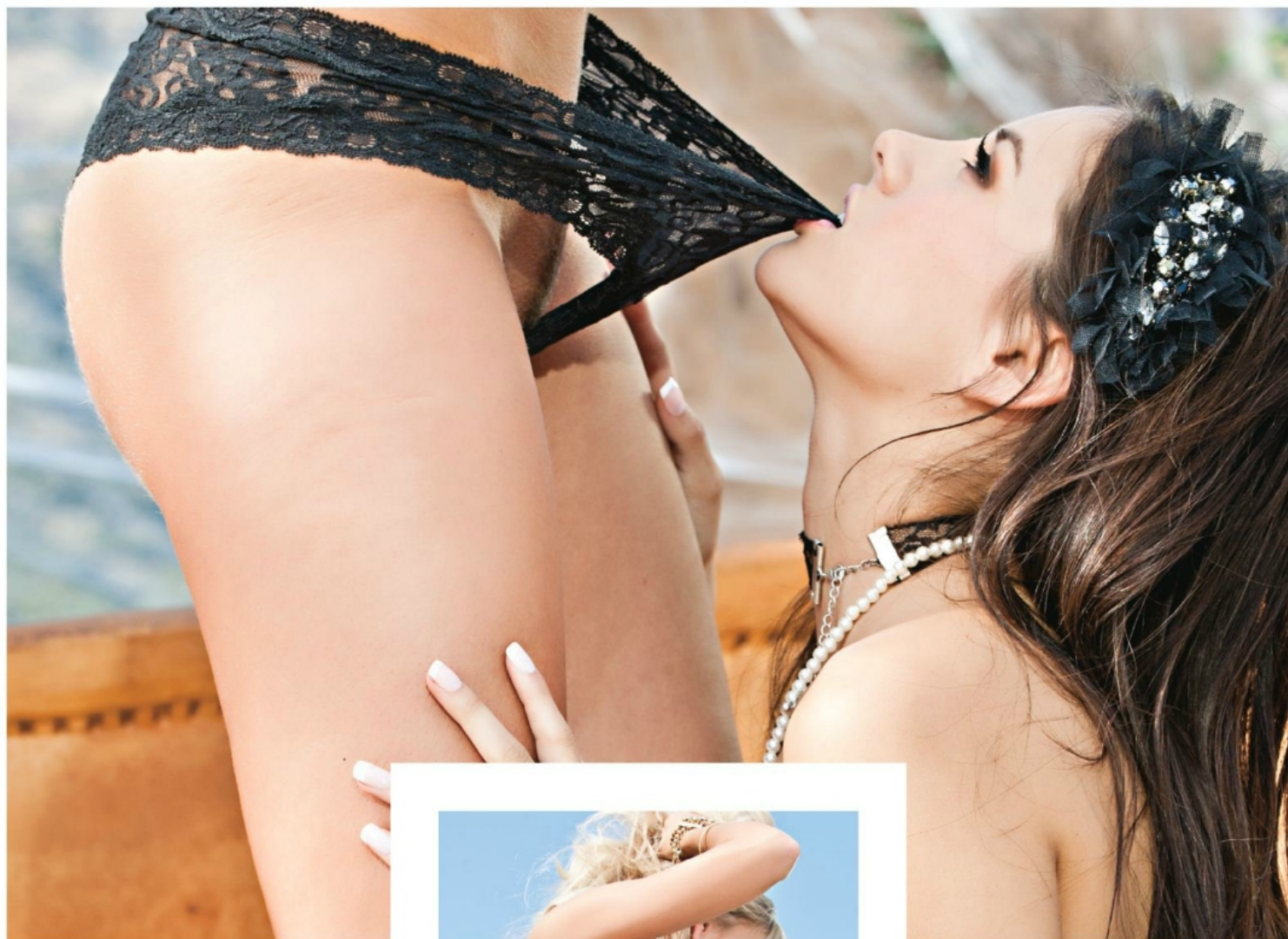
black-magic beauties

Chikita and Shyla bonded over their shared interest in the dark arts, but when these erotic enchantresses get together, the only spells they cast are on each other. And once they get started, it takes only seconds to make their inhibitions vanish.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



Shyla works her magic on Chikita, making the blonde's bra fall away, then turns her attention to her partner's panties, which disappear just as quickly.





The ladies demonstrate
that the touch of
talented fingers and
tongues is as magical as
their sweetest spells.





When the witching hour strikes,
the sapphic sorceresses fit in a
ride on their trusty broom before
riding each other to climax.



All it takes is a wiggle of Shyla's fingers to get Chikita on her knees again, more than ready to start round two.

SEE MORE OF CHIKITA & SHYLA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).





CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



Cancer & Cunnilingus

I heard that actor Michael Douglas said he got throat cancer from oral sex. How is that possible?

Just because Douglas told a British newspaper that he got throat cancer from cunnilingus doesn't make it true. At least, it's not exactly true. You cannot "get cancer" from oral sex. There is a virus, called the human papillomavirus (HPV), which can be passed from person to person through sex, including oral sex. And certain types of HPV can cause cancer. But it's really not accurate to say that giving oral sex causes cancer. Even saying that giving oral sex puts you at risk for cancer is not correct.

There are more than 100 different types of HPV, and almost everyone gets infected with one or more of them at some point in their lives. Some infect the skin of the body's external surfaces. Others infect the mucosal skin that lines orifices, including the mouth, vulva, vagina, cervix, anus, and rectum. The vast

majority of HPV types are basically harmless. Some types cause warts, including genital warts. But a couple of "high risk" types, known as HPV 16 and 18, can lead to cancer.

These types of HPV are thought to be the main cause of cervical cancer in women. And HPV 16, in particular, is linked to cancers of the oropharynx—the upper area of the throat in the back of the mouth, including the tonsils and the back of the tongue.

But merely being infected with HPV doesn't cause cancer. In fact, most people who have been infected with HPV do not get cancer from it. The immune system almost always clears out the virus, and no damage is done. Rarely, though, an HPV infection can linger on. If it persists for years and years in a particular area, it may cause cancer there. No one knows exactly how or why that happens in some people but not others.

Scientists have some ideas about it, but no definitive answers. It may

involve genes, other infections, diet, alcohol use, drug use, smoking, stress, or some combination of these, or various other things that affect a person's health.

Here's another reason why you should doubt that oral sex "causes cancer." About 80 percent of men and women in the United States have given oral sex to someone in their lifetime, according to a large national survey in 2010, and roughly half have done so within the past year.

But throat cancers linked to HPV are extremely rare. The CDC estimates that HPV causes throat cancer in about 5,900 men and 1,500 women in the U.S. each year. That may sound like a lot, but that's out of more than 200 million adults, meaning that in a given year, HPV causes throat cancer in about 5 out of every 100,000 men, and 1 in 100,000 women. Put another way, HPV causes throat cancer in a tiny fraction of a percent of American adults annually.

You also can't assume that all those people contracted HPV through oral sex. In fact, HPV can be passed on by kissing. Studies have shown that even newborn babies can have oral HPV infections.

Sexual activity does increase the risk of oral HPV infection, however. The latest and weightiest evidence comes from the U.S. National Health Examination and Nutrition Survey, in which about 5,000 teens and adults were interviewed and given physical exams. Oral HPV infection was found in about eight percent of those who said they'd ever performed oral sex, compared with just under four percent of those who said they had never done so.

The study shows that the risk of oral HPV infection rises with the number of sex partners one has had. Compared with never having had sex, oral HPV was found twice as often in those who'd had 1 partner; 3 times as often among those who'd had 2 to 5 partners; and among those who'd racked up 6 to 20 sex partners, it was 5 to 6 times more common. It was more than 10 times more common in those whose tally exceeded 20 partners.

The other main risk factor the study found was cigarette smoking. People who smoked more than a pack a day were about twice as likely to have an oral HPV infection compared with those who'd never smoked.

My advice on HPV prevention for the younger population is straightforward: Get vaccinated. If you're 26 or younger now, you can get a vaccine to prevent HPV. The vaccine has been routinely given to girls and young women since 2006, and to boys and young men since 2009. A CDC study out this year showed that HPV infections among teen girls have been cut by more than half since the vaccine became available.

It's tricky to give older adults advice on how to avoid an oral HPV infection. Clearly, abstinence isn't 100 percent effective. Monogamy isn't either. Some monogamous couples infect each other with oral HPV. Some don't. No one knows why. Two virgins could get married, stay faithful, and still infect each other with HPV. A couple of old cock-gobbling, cunt-lapping sluts could do the same, and yet never swap HPVs.

It's unclear if barrier protection—a condom on the penis or a rubber/plastic sheet placed over the lady parts—prevents HPV. In theory, it could be helpful. But data suggests that such protection is no guarantee. The National Health study found oral HPV in eight percent of women who “rarely” or “never” used barrier protection when giving oral sex—and nine percent of those who “usually” or “always” did.

There's no test that can tell you if you're HPV-free. Even if you could find out if you have it, that information wouldn't be very useful. There is no treatment or cure for HPV. And HPV infections tend to come and go.

You can limit your risk of getting oral cancer by limiting the number of people you have sex with, and by not smoking. There's also some evidence that when it comes to HPV-related throat and mouth cancer, it's better not to be a stoner. Smoking pot regularly for 20 years or longer may increase the risk.

On the bright side, throat cancer caused by HPV, in addition to being quite rare, is not an especially deadly cancer. Most people who get treated for it survive.

When all is said and done, I think the specter of HPV and cancer shouldn't keep people from enjoying oral sex. And you should definitely try not to think of Michael Douglas when you're giving head.



Sexless Sobriety

My husband was in rehab for drug and alcohol addiction for a month and has been sober for nine months. Our marriage has been great lately, so I'm in the mood for sex more. The problem is, he seems uninterested in sex now. Is that normal for someone in recovery? I want to understand what's going on with him, but I don't know how to bring it up.

Lack of sexual desire is actually very common for people in recovery.

I had some hunches about what might be going on with your husband, but it's hard to find resources that address this issue. Information about recovery from addiction tends to avoid sexuality altogether, or casts sex in a negative light. So I used my phone-a-friend lifeline.

I called Joseph Winn, a certified sex therapist, and asked if he could enlighten us. He knew all about why addicts in recovery often lose their libido or avoid sex.

Addiction affects sexuality both physically and emotionally. So naturally, many recovering addicts have sexual issues. “They have to relearn how to be sexual,” he told me.

A recovering addict's low sex drive can be partly due to changes in the brain related to seeking and sensing pleasure. An addict's brain adapts so that all forms of pleasure become linked to the substance. It can take some time for an addict's brain chemistry to rebalance after the drug is taken away. In the meantime, nothing, including sex, may feel especially pleasurable or desirable.

On the emotional side, after people get sober, they tend to feel pretty

bad about themselves. “They might feel that sex is something they don't deserve,” Winn said. “When you're thinking, *I was a shit for this many years, I did these things, I put our family at risk*, there's a lot of guilt, and there's a lot of shame.”

However, a deeper problem that recovering addicts often face is “rediscovering safety and intimacy in the absence of the drug or alcohol,” Winn said. “If someone is going to be optimally sexual with their partner, that requires a level of comfort with exposure—not just with their genitals but with their feelings.”

Many people drink or get high to ease their anxieties around sex. For those who have been sexually abused, it's not just about loosening inhibitions. “With some folks—men in particular—if there's a history of sexual trauma or abuse, the idea of being intimate with someone in the absence of a chemical can be really terrifying,” Winn said.

If this is such a common thing, I asked, why isn't it common knowledge? Winn told me he thinks 12-step recovery programs reflect how the rest of our culture approaches sex. They don't take it very seriously. They also tend to be suspicious of sexual pleasure and treat it like an addictive substance. But it really is serious. Sex is at the core of many people's problems with drugs and alcohol. It's also not a drug.

That said, now would be a great time for your husband, or the two of you, to see a sex therapist and start tackling this issue. Sexuality is key to his sobriety, and to restoring trust and intimacy in your marriage. ☺



"You don't look like a health guru."

Laura turned from the luggage-claim conveyor belt and looked down at the young Frenchwoman who had pronounced "guru" like it tickled her nose to say it.

"You are Laura Thacker, *oui*?"

"Yes," Laura said, with a bit more snap than she'd wanted. She was exhausted from the flight and wanted nothing more than a hot bath, a bar of dark chocolate, and silk sheets. "And you are?"

"Marie Kinnard. I am from Maintenant Books. Paul asked me to take care of you while you are in France."

Laura smiled. "Oh, of course." Her tensed shoulders dropped from being ready to box to a relaxed half-guard. Paul, her agent, had contacted each major bookstore chain she'd be visiting during the tour and asked them to provide an assistant to help her navigate the land, money, food, and customs. So far they had all been bores, bitches, or buffoons.

Marie, on the other hand, had an immediate calming effect. Her elegant features, crisp clothes, and bobbed haircut almost made her look like either Louise Brooks or a *Blade Runner* replicant.

"I'm sorry if I snapped at you," Laura said. "The tour's been rough."

Marie put a hand on her strong shoulder. "Oh, I am sorry. I hope I can make things better for you here in our country. I have your hotel room reserved, and our car is waiting."

Laura sighed in relief. Her bags flopped onto the conveyor belt. The one holding her workout gear now sported a broken handle and a large rip across the top.

"Son of a bitch." Laura wanted to yell it, but she couldn't muster the strength.

"I will get you a new bag," Marie said as she tried to lift it from the conveyor belt. The weight brought her motion to an abrupt halt and she almost fell to the floor. Laura rolled it off the belt with one hand.

"I packed way too much stuff for this trip," Laura said. "It's just so hard to get protein powder here in Europe."

Marie grabbed two of Laura's small bags from the belt. "You need it for your muscles, is that so? That is why I was surprised to see you."



Adaptable

When a recently separated, travel-weary fitness guru becomes the object of another woman's lust, will she give in to her own desires?

By Nicole Wolfe • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

"Is that what you meant about me not looking like a health guru?"

"*Oui*. I was told you were a best-selling fitness writer, but I expected someone else—someone not as strong."

Laura laughed for the first time in days. "You expected a skinny tofu-eater, right? Not some big-boobed redhead."

Marie blushed. "I did. But you are a delightful surprise. You are very strong and ..." She looked at Laura again, and there was a subtle change in her gaze that made Laura shift her weight back and forth a bit. "Very healthy. Yes. You are very healthy."

Laura slept during the limousine ride from the airport to the hotel. When she awoke, she discovered a silent-movie seductress across from her, sipping spring water and watching her come out of slumber.

"Would you like dinner? The hotel



has a wonderful restaurant."

"I could eat the ass end of a horse."

Marie's eyebrows went up. "Quoi?"

Laura smiled. "Sorry. I'm really hungry, yes."

Marie had Laura's bags sent up to her room and showed her to the restaurant. Laura was happier the moment she walked in and smelled the fresh bread. The place was upscale, but not so elegant that she'd need to choose between six different brands of water or be served nothing but an amazingly decorated asparagus spear.

Marie tilted forward a bit. "You should eat. Good food will make you happy."

"You're probably right," Laura said, and pulled off a hunk of baguette. She bit into it and sighed at its warmth. She could've stuffed her belly with it, but reminded herself to watch her carbs. The bisque was heavenly. The salad was so good that she almost forgot to finish the bisque. She devoured it and the salad and was ready to attack the baguette again when the coq au vin arrived. The smell made her moan. The taste made her speechless.

Cocktails were brought. Marie questioned the waiter, who pointed at two women at the bar. They were well-dressed, naturally beautiful, and seated so close to each other that their knees were intertwined.

Laura had been in gyms a long time. She knew the signs. "Did those two just buy us drinks?"

Marie smiled. "Oui. They told the waiter they want us to have a good evening."

"They think we're another couple?" Laura blushed. She toasted the women, who smiled and returned a toast that included an unspoken invitation to join them. Laura looked back to her coq au vin before she made a fool of herself.

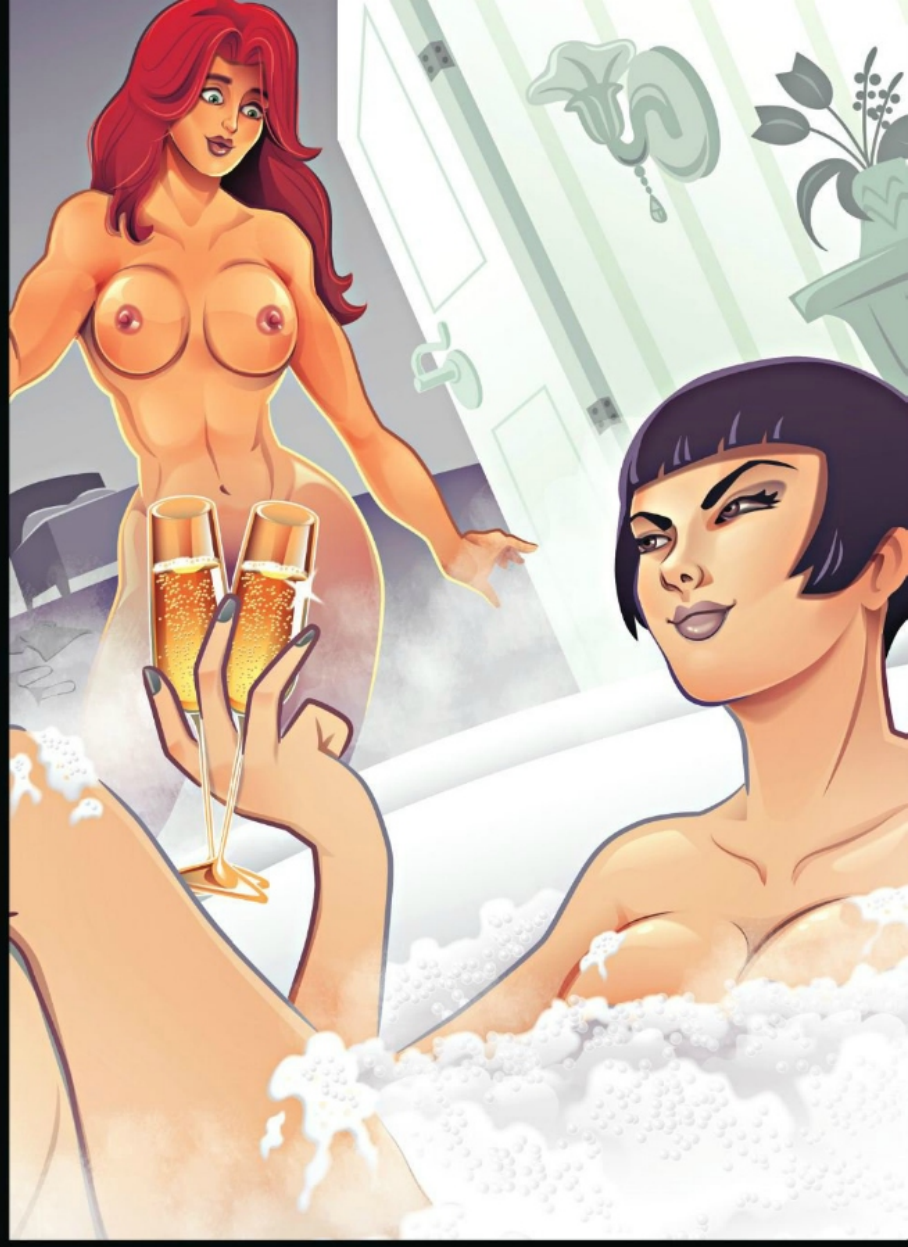
"That was nice of them," Laura said. "But I hope they don't think I'm rude by not joining them."

"You are very fit," Marie said. "They find you as attractive as a man would."

"Hell, maybe I should try my luck."

Marie's cocktail glass stopped short of her lips. "You should?"

Laura laughed. "No. I love men too much. I mean, I suppose if I had enough of these"—Laura held up her cocktail—"I might be one percent adaptable."



Marie laughed now. "Perhaps they will send you more."

"Well, I haven't had much luck with men lately."

"Really?"

"It's half the reason I went on this book tour. My husband and I are separated. He said he wanted space. I think I'd be less pissed off if he just said he wanted a divorce instead of this vague bullshit. I think he's fucking a waitress at the coffee shop around the corner from our house. He's supposed to be moved out by the time I get back."

"It is good he is leaving," Marie said. "It means he will have to crawl back to you."

They clinked glasses. "Amen, sister," Laura said.

After dinner and more drinks, Marie showed Laura to her room. Laura smiled at seeing the luxurious king-size bed, bowl of fresh fruit, vase of beautiful flowers, and massive bathtub.

"I hope it suits you," Marie said.

"It's great," Laura said. "I'll sleep

like a rock."

Marie turned for the door. "I will leave you to it. I will pick you up tomorrow at ten." She opened the door, but stopped in her tracks as Laura made a sad moan from the bedroom.

Marie peeked around the corner. "Laura? Is something wrong?"

Laura stood next to a small table. One of her suitcases sat open on it and the inside was splattered with shampoo, lotion, and sunscreen. Tears trickled down Laura's face as she stared into the bag.

"They didn't put my stuff back in the ziplock bags at customs. It's everywhere."

"I will take care of it," Marie said.

"How? I don't have anything to wear."

"Right now," Marie said as she took Laura's hand and kissed her palm,

Laura was still horny. A hot bath would be a nice cap to a great evening. Marie sat in the bathtub that was big enough for three and held two glasses of champagne.

"that does not matter."

Laura froze. "What are you doing?" Marie kissed her pulsing wrist and then the inside of her elbow. "Why do you think those women thought we were a couple?"

Laura hadn't moved. "You ... You're ..."

Marie pressed against Laura and kissed her rock-solid shoulder. "Of course."

"But Marie, I'm not—"

"But you have not moved," Marie said. She gave Laura a peck on the throat and massaged her stomach.

Laura hadn't moved. She couldn't. Marie's delicate hand caressed her breasts through her shirt and her little mouth left little lipstick prints across her collarbone. Laura felt an overpowering urge to run, then another to relax, and then another to pick up this exotic woman and press her against the nearest wall while they kissed.

But Marie wouldn't have that. She pushed Laura's shirt up as she whispered dirty French words to her. She licked a hot line along the bottom of Laura's bra. Laura's bra soon fell to the floor and she was shocked to realize she'd taken it off herself.

Marie cooed in delight and began licking small circles all over Laura's tits. Laura trembled. She didn't know where this was going to end, if she wanted it to end, or how it even all began. All she knew was that this woman she could easily bench-press had complete control of her.

Marie's mouth found one of Laura's nipples. Laura gasped and her hands jumped up to grab Marie by the shoulders. She did not push her away. Her hands relaxed and started to massage Marie's back. Marie nuzzled between Laura's tits and kept speaking in a muffled dirty French that was a hypnotizing chant to Laura's brain.

Marie got Laura's pants open. Laura didn't resist. Marie pushed them to the floor and Laura stepped back to free herself from them. Marie, who had so much trouble with a piece of heavy luggage, pushed Laura back toward the bed with one fingertip on Laura's

quivering stomach.

Laura found her voice once the backs of her legs touched the side of the bed. "Marie, I don't know—"

Marie put her finger over Laura's lips. Laura's tongue darted out to taste it, but jumped back into her mouth just as quick. Marie's fingertips pushed Laura down to the bed by her shoulders. Laura arched her hips for her and let her pull her thong down and off. Marie's hands slid up, up, and up. She pushed Laura's goose-pimpled thighs apart until her thumbs stroked over her lips and coaxed more wetness from her.

Laura jumped as Marie's thumbs brushed her clit. She clenched the sheets and felt her pussy pulling in Marie's fingers. Her breath quickened and she clamped her eyes shut, trying not to think about it. She didn't want to admit it. She thought if she held back, maybe Marie would realize ...

Marie did realize exactly what was happening. Laura knew it. Laura knew Marie had felt how wet and hot she'd become since the first kiss on her hand. Laura knew that Marie had her close. She knew Marie was aware of how much she was enjoying this and how much she needed this.

Her tiny tongue. Such a small thing, but so warm and strong and practiced. Her tiny tongue on Laura's hard clit while her three fingers fucked her. Her hot mouth clamped on her now and a flood of come unleashed down her throat. Laura let loose with a cry that could be heard down the hall. She clamped onto Marie's head with one hand and bucked her pussy on her pretty little face. She held nothing back. She had been building this orgasm for over a week but hadn't known it. She gave it all to Marie, who never stopped licking and fucking her.

A warm fog had filled the hotel room. As it cleared from Laura's vision she saw and felt Marie, now naked, crawling up her body. Her porcelain

skin, perky tits, and bald snatch all looked delectable. Laura didn't know where to begin. Marie rubbed her wet, hot cunt on Laura's thigh for a few moments while she whispered more French dirty talk.

She bent down and kissed Laura full on the mouth for the first time. Laura was shocked that the kiss had surprised her, considering what had just happened between her legs. She let her lips caress Marie's. She dared to let her tongue out to play. She risked letting her hands tickle Marie's hips and backside.

Marie smiled and moved one of Laura's hands around to her pussy. Laura gasped at the feel of it. She marveled at how tight Marie was, and how her wet muscles clamped onto her and helped Laura fuck her. Marie rocked on Laura's hand while she held tiny handfuls of Laura's tits to keep from falling forward.

Laura knew enough to do what she liked doing to herself. She slid her fingers back and forth from Marie's pussy to her clit. She sank two fingers in, slid them out, rubbed Marie's clit, slid her fingers back in, back out, and kept it up until Marie's fingernails sank into her shoulders. Her head snapped back and she yelled at the ceiling. She soaked Laura's hand and then collapsed atop her. She trembled like someone had just thrown a bucket of cold water on her.

Laura wasn't sure when they fell asleep, but Marie was gone when she awoke. The room still smelled of their musk, so Laura knew she hadn't slept long. She found a note left on a pillow near her head.

I drew you a bath.

Laura smiled. It was exactly what she needed. She was still horny, and a hot bath would be a nice cap to what had turned out to be a great evening.


She squeaked in surprise as she opened the bathroom door.

Marie sat in the bathtub that was big enough for three. Soap suds stopped just above her nipples and she held two glasses of champagne. A tray of fresh fruit and cheese was on the floor next to the tub.

"You did draw me a bath," Laura said.

"I did. I thought you needed it."

Marie's smile changed from sweet to naughty. "Do you need it, Laura?"

Laura stepped into the tub. 

"1% Adaptable," by Nicole Wolfe, from *Twice the Pleasure*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2013.





in the pink

Bethanie Skye, a 21-year-old model from Raleigh, North Carolina, currently resides in New York City, which provides plenty of modeling opportunities where she can show off her stunning 36-24-36 body. Lucky us.

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Lounging Around

My coworker Jayden and I started flirting with each other on day one. It was obvious from the start that it was only a matter of time before we would be knocking boots. Finally, a week ago, the two of us were the only ones left at the office. At 8 P.M. Jayden knocked on my door and said she had ordered dinner—too much to eat by herself. Of course, I was hoping Jayden would be dessert.

Eating in the lounge with Jayden turned into foreplay. We took turns feeding each other while playing footsie under the table. I'd never had a more erotic dining experience, but dinner was over as soon as Jayden's foot caressed my hard-on. That first intimate touch had me pushing my cock against her, moaning with intense need.

Jayden pushed away from the table and walked toward the sofa, raising her skirt just enough so I could see that she'd removed her panties. I came up behind her, brushed her hair to the side, and kissed her neck. When she moaned and pushed her ass back against my dick, I reached underneath her skirt. Her pussy was silky-smooth and wet.

Jayden spread her legs wide and I leaned in to tease her clit, sucking and licking until she was humping my face.

"Do you know much I've wanted to touch you?" I whispered in her ear.

Her response was to grind against my hand as I slid my fingers back and forth between her wet folds. My other hand moved under her blouse to cup her breast. We were both so hot and desperate for each other that I fell onto the sofa, pulling Jayden down with me, while she yanked off my pants. We stripped out of the rest of our clothes in seconds.

Jayden spread her legs wide and I leaned in to tease her clit with my tongue. When she squirmed, I grabbed her thighs and pulled her closer to me, sucking and licking her until she was humping my face, and her entire body shook with orgasmic tremors.

After she came, her tongue snaked around mine as we kissed for the first time. I was lost in Jayden's lush lips when I felt her hand on my cock, stroking me. "Let's do this," she said.

With Jayden guiding me, I pushed forward until I was fully inside her. Her hips immediately began a steady grind against my pelvis and I could feel her muscles massaging my cock. I was enjoying the sensation, but I was having trouble holding back. Thankfully, she looked at me and said, "Fuck me good, baby. Fuck me hard!"

I held her tight as she wrapped her legs around my waist, then fucked her hard, fast, and deep. I felt like I could go on forever as Jayden screamed for more. I don't know how long we were slamming against each other, but suddenly I felt the pressure building in my balls. I knew I was about to pop, and I wanted Jayden to climax with me. Jayden shouted as she came, tightening her grip on my ass while I pumped my full load into her love box.

When I felt her shift under me, I propped up my weight on my forearms and kissed her softly. We stayed there talking and touching for a while, neither of us wanting to leave. But eventually we got dressed and made plans to get together again over the weekend.

Meanwhile, at work, it was back to flirting and touching when no one was looking, but man, whenever I get coffee, I get a woody just looking at the sofa.—S.L., Idaho



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Repeat Customer

I had an unbelievable night with a woman I'd been wanting for months. Melanie did things to me that I never thought possible. I thought maybe she'd want to stay over, but she insisted she couldn't and I didn't ask why. I was asleep about three seconds after she walked out of the bedroom.

But while I was sleeping, she came back. She'd started to let herself out, then changed her mind. I opened my eyes and there she was, wearing nothing but her trench coat and fuck-me pumps. She let her coat fall to the floor. Her nipples were nice and hard.

"I was about to leave, but I was already missing this," she said as she slid her body along the length of mine and wrapped her fingers around my dick. We kissed again with the same intensity as earlier, and my hand slipped between her legs and into her wet heat. As she kissed me, she rolled on top of me, putting her hands on my shoulders and rubbing her slick folds back and forth along the underside of my cock. I closed my eyes and felt a nipple brush across my lips. Instinctively, I lashed out at it with my tongue, capturing the bud in my mouth.

Just when the sweet torture of Melanie's slow rocking was becoming unbearable, she slid down and took me into her mouth. I ran my hands through her hair and guided her bobbing head. No other woman had

ever taken me in so deep before. It was all I could do to hold back, but I didn't want it to end so soon.

I pulled her up and flipped her onto her back. She raised her legs up over her head and grabbed her sexy five-inch stilettos. Her pussy glistened invitingly, and I eagerly accepted. I placed my hands on her calves and rocked into her. She was so tight and wet that I almost lost control. She was making a lot of noise, too, and when I let go of her legs, she wrapped them around my waist and grabbed my ass, bringing me in even deeper.

I never knew missionary position could feel so good. Melanie's head was cuddled in the crook of my neck, her lips wet against my collarbone, as I drilled into her. I was still fucking her hard when I felt her muscles tighten around my cock and heard her cry out. Her orgasm gained momentum and I went with it, thrusting deep one last time before I came, holding her as tightly as she held me.

After a while, I slid down next to her and breathed in her scent. I closed my eyes and fell back asleep. When I woke again she was gone, and all that was left was the smell of her perfume and of perfect sex. I've been with Melanie a couple of times since, and although she never stays, I happily take what I can get. —K.L., Vermont

I rocked into her. She was so tight and wet that I almost lost control.

Three's Company

Alison and I have been together for about five years and the sex is good, but we like a little variety now and then, so we meet other swingers in chat rooms. That's how we met Amber and Marshall.

During our first time together, we ordered takeout and drank some wine, then took our party into the bedroom. We paired up on our king-size bed—Alison with Marshall and me with Amber—while we watched a porno. By the end of the film, Alison was blowing Marshall and I was munching on Amber's neatly trimmed muff. We spent a great night fucking, but when they were ready to leave, rather than make specific plans to get together again, we left things open by promising to email one another soon. That way, Alison and I had time to decide whether we wanted to have sex with them again.

A few days later, I received a message from Amber thanking us again for dinner, wine, and great sex. I asked if she and Marshall wanted to get together that night. She said Marshall wasn't feeling well, but she'd come over by herself.

I checked with Alison, and just like that, Amber was coming over for a threesome. Alison and I had only swapped with other couples, so I'd never been with two women before. The logical part of my brain reasoned that I only had one dick, so someone was going to get short-changed. And selfishly speaking, what could two pussies do for my dick that one pussy couldn't? But I wasn't so stupid that I'd turn down the opportunity. Alison was willing, so I decided it should prove interesting.

When Amber arrived, we went straight to the bedroom. Once we were all seated on the bed, it got quiet as we each waited for someone else to make the first move. After a few minutes of awkward silence, Amber said, "Why don't you two get started and I'll join in?" That made me think she might be new at this, too.

Alison and I took off our clothes and Amber followed suit. Alison pushed me back on the bed and began sucking my cock. I was really getting into it when another set of hands began massaging my feet and legs. Having two sets of soft hands working me over was incredibly decadent and erotic, and I suddenly understood the countless possibilities





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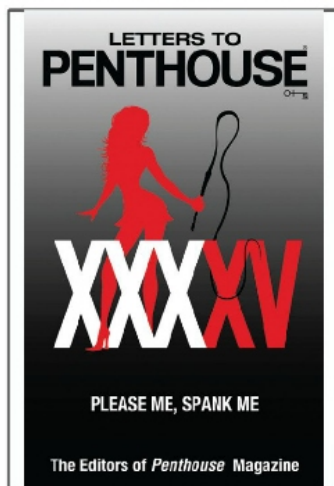
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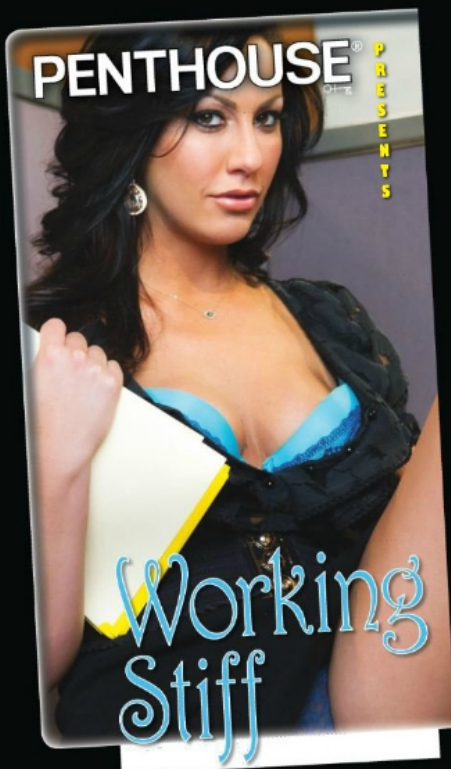
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being with two women had to offer—and they were all good.

Amber's hands worked their way up my thighs, and as she took over the blowjob, Alison moved up to kiss me. For the next several minutes, they took turns blowing me, pausing to kiss each other and suck on each other's tits. I was in heaven. Alison had never been with another woman before, but she was obviously enjoying herself.

We kept at it until I called a time-out. I didn't want to come before getting inside at least one of them. Amber said she'd give us a few minutes while she called to check on Marshall, and then left the room to use the phone. It's more likely she wanted to tell him how things were going.

"I love kissing her!" Alison said when we were alone. "It's such a turn-on!" Of course I got even more turned-on hearing her say that.

"Are you guys talking about me?"

I moved on to my girlfriend and drove myself into her welcoming snatch, pounding her hard and fast. Before long I was coming.

Amber asked when she came back.

Alison and I laughed and told her we were just discussing how good she is at kissing. Amber lay down with her head at the foot of the bed. Alison went to her and they started kissing again. I was content just to watch and see how far they'd go until Alison said, "I think Amber needs your cock inside her."

I was between Amber's legs and balls-deep in her pussy in a flash. She ground her pelvis against mine while Alison alternated between kissing Amber and sucking her tits. I concentrated on fucking Amber with long, steady strokes in an effort to prolong everyone's good time, but with her on the receiving end of all the attention, it wasn't long before she went buck wild and came hard—harder than she did during our last get-together.

I moved on to Alison and drove myself into her welcoming snatch, pounding my girlfriend hard and fast. Before long I was coming, and, with Amber kissing her deeply, Alison exploded right along with me.

Amber didn't stay much longer, insisting she wanted to get home and tell Marshall about our encounter, but my newly bicurious girlfriend and I are already planning our next threesome.—C.K., *Oklahoma*

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■ The Welcome Wagon

I work at a courthouse in a small town where nothing much happens. One day an officer brought in a tall guy with dark shoulder-length hair and blue eyes. He was wearing a pair of worn Levis, a black muscle-hugging T-shirt, and a pair of handcuffs—not that there's anything wrong with that, in the right setting.

He looked a little angry, but when he saw me, he smiled. At five foot eight and 130 pounds with lots of cleavage, I tend to get a lot of smiles from men. I grinned back and hoped he hadn't done anything serious. The day was coming to an end, and it would be a crime if this guy had to spend the night in jail. He looked so good, the only place he needed to be locked up was in my bedroom.

While the officer led him to a desk, I took some folders I'd been meaning to file for the past week and walked over to the cabinets near them so I wouldn't miss any details. From what I could make out, Ray was new in town and had left his car double-parked while he stopped at a real-estate office. When he came out and saw his car hooked up to a tow truck, he got into an argument with the towing agent—and the next thing he knew, he was being arrested.

Since he wasn't one of our regular troublemakers, the officer offered to cut him some slack. Ray just had to promise to pay better attention to the town's parking regulations and apologize to the towing agent for losing his temper. I think I was more relieved than Ray that things worked out. The officer told Ray he could ask me for directions to the impound lot. It's a small town, and I'm sure Ray would have found the place on his own, but it was also the end of the day, so I offered him a lift. From the way he'd smiled at me when he first came in, I sensed that he was as interested in me as I was in him. Why not volunteer to show him around?

Ray was grateful for the lift and my offer to play tour guide, so he treated me to dinner and drinks. We talked about the town, his new job, and where he used to live. I was happy to find out that he was single. We talked until the restaurant was ready to close, and I invited him to my apartment for a nightcap.

Ray followed me home in his car. We were watching an old movie



I pointed his cock at my entrance and lowered myself, letting him fill me up. It felt great to ride him at my own speed.

when I got up to refresh our drinks. Ray followed me into the kitchen and asked if I had anything to snack on. I was about to tell him he could nibble on me, when I felt him—the full length of him—press up against my back. I leaned back into his hard body and let him support my weight. His hands found their way under my blouse and came up to feel my breasts. I turned in his arms and we kissed.

We made out as I backed him into my bedroom. If he thought he was in control, he was mistaken. I pushed him back onto the bed and proceeded to strip off his clothes. I'd been dying to see what he looked like naked from the minute he walked into the courthouse, and I wasn't disappointed. I took a second to admire his assets before I stretched his arms out to the side and locked fingers with him. Then I took my time teasing his cock and balls with flicks of my tongue, taking pleasure in making him squirm. I didn't let up until he begged me to suck his cock. Only then did I deep-throat him, and only long enough to temporarily appease

him. I wanted him to be deep inside my pussy when he came.

I backed off to give him time to calm down. When I didn't think I could tease him any more, I straddled his hips and let him kiss me. Still tongue-tied, I gently raised my hips and reached down to hold his thick cock. He moaned into my mouth and pushed hard against my hand. I pointed his cock at my entrance and slowly lowered myself, letting him fill me up. It felt great to grasp his shoulders and ride him at my own speed for as long as I could.

But Ray wanted to take control, and truthfully, I was happy to let him. I wanted him to fuck me hard, and I told him so when he grabbed my waist and flipped me onto my back. After letting me have the upper hand, Ray gave me exactly what I'd wanted all along—a good, hard fuck. He drilled his cock in and out of me at a steady pace and I matched his rhythm with my own thrusts, until we pushed each other into orgasmic oblivion.

We had an even better time in the shower the next morning. Over breakfast, I told him where he might find some nice affordable apartments. It was Saturday, so he asked me if I could take him to see more of the town. Of course, I agreed. One place I definitely planned on taking him was to our local sex shop—to pick up a pair of handcuffs!—G.K., Virginia

■ Stress Relief

After a grueling day at work, I was relieved to finally be home, letting the shower's spray ease some of my tension. My boyfriend was at the desk in our office, reading something for work, when I stepped out of the bathroom. Naked and wet, I got down on my knees and crawled into the room, lifted one end of the towel he had wrapped around his waist, and closed my lips around his cock.

"Later, babe," he said. "I have to get this finished first."

Ignoring him, I let his dick slip deeper into my throat. Despite what he'd said, he was already semierect. Knowing he'd lost, he closed his eyes, giving in to the feeling, and ran his fingers through my hair as he moaned, "Come sit in my lap, baby."

I pulled away slowly, letting my tongue linger on the tip of his cock before I stood up. Then I straddled him and guided his rigid tool inside me. I offered him my breasts and let my

head fall back as his tongue swirled around my sensitive nipples. With my hands on his shoulders, I leisurely rocked and rolled my hips. When I opened my eyes again, he looked up and our lips melded together. It was time for the chase.

I had his full attention, so I hopped off his lap and ran for the bedroom. The last thing I felt before dashing out of the room was the end of his towel against my ass. I dove for the bed and rolled onto my back as he landed next to me, pulled my leg over his shoulder, and thrust deep inside me. I let out a deep moan when the pounding started, grateful that I had him at home to distract me from the daily grind.—C.P., Oregon

Ignoring him, I let his dick slip deeper into my throat. Knowing he'd lost, he moaned, "Come sit in my lap, baby."



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Going Down Under

We arrived at the hotel late at night. It was pouring outside and I was tired, but the moment I stepped into the lobby, I got my second wind. The desk clerk, Crystal, was in her early twenties, with thick, dark hair tied back in a short ponytail. She had nice firm tits, a tiny waist, and a full ass. She caught my wife's eye immediately. Stacy is nicely tanned, with the figure of a lifelong aerobics enthusiast. We have always had an open relationship, and we like to go out clubbing and bring back girls to share.

Crystal gave us a huge grin and said our room was ready and that she would take us up, as the hotel was understaffed that night. Crystal seemed flushed and exhausted, but cheerful.

"First time in Melbourne?" she asked.

"Yes," I lied, hoping to get past the small talk. "Hard night?"

"Yeah, it's pretty busy," she said.

Stacy inched a little closer to her.

"When do you get off?" she asked.

"Whenever I want," she said.

"They're overworking us all. After I get you two settled, I'm going to get a room myself."

Stacy gently put her palm on the small of Crystal's back and slid her fingers down her ass. "Have you ever tried room 771?" Stacy asked.

Crystal looked surprised, but pleased. She pressed her ass into Stacy's hand. "Once, I think. That room has a water bed."

The elevator got to our floor, and Crystal led the way. When she put the bags down at our door, she saw my cock bulging in my pants. She looked up at me as she traced around my knob with her fingernail.

"You've done this before?" the desk

clerk asked.

"Not with you," Stacy answered, coming behind her and grabbing her tits.

The three of us fell through the door. Stacy immediately pushed Crystal against the wall and French-kissed her, ripping her blouse open. I pulled down her bra and started sucking one nipple while pinching the other. Stacy moved her hand down to Crystal's crotch and slid three fingers inside her pussy. Crystal sucked passionately on my wife's tongue and slowly pumped my shaft, tickling the bottom of my scrotum with her fingertip. Then Stacy broke the kiss and smiled.

"Crystal, doesn't my husband have a beautiful cock?" she asked.

Crystal smiled and nodded. Slowly, gently, Stacy pushed her down before me, then slid under Crystal's upturned ass to kiss, then suck, her pussy. Crystal was gentle at first, kissing and licking my dick all over, then she took all of me into her mouth, her tongue flicking the knob frantically. I came furiously in her mouth. She swallowed every drop before pulling me down for another kiss, just as my wife made her come. We all collapsed on the floor.

"You know," Crystal said, "my boyfriend's meeting me in half an hour."

Stacy got that look in her eye that I know so well, and said, "I guess you'll just have to invite him up." —
S.H., Arizona

Crystal took all of me, her tongue flicking the knob frantically. I came in her mouth just as my wife made her come.

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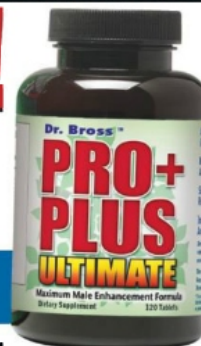
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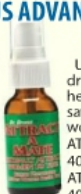
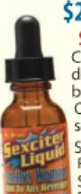
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Mummy Dearest

Halloween is the perfect time to revisit one of our favorite campy pictorials, which was produced and photographed by Carl Wachter, and published in July 1996. The visual depiction of a mummy's curse transforming blonde bombshell **Dyanna Lauren** into "a hundred different hungry harlots and creamy courtesans" before the luscious **Rebecca** is revealed, ready to be ravished, is as funny as it is erotic.



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